MACLEAN'S

15c

NOVEMBER 5, 1960
Canada's National Magazine

merica 1960 ★ a 100-page report on the people all the shouting is abou

HE BEST ISN'T GOOD ENOUGH: A SEARCH FOR AMERICAN EXCELLENC

HERE THE AMERICAN NEGRO STANDS IN THE BROWN MAN'S WORL

cKENZIE PORTER ON FADS: THE FROTH ON THE FACE OF THE US

e incredible women of Madison Avenue--what it costs to out-man me

RNOLD TOYNBEE ON THE AMERICAN CHARACTER ★ *Barbara Moon on hero worshi*

CHARD ROVERE ON AMERICA'S SMUG NORTHERN NEIGHBOR ★ Peter C. Newman on Wall Stre

nd a color collection of an unexpected America that has almost eluded time

PHILIPS
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takes the time to build the best

Our breadboard designing gives you the sound of true stereo with Philips fidelity!

At Philips we call them breadboards. [illegible]

THE SORRENTO Stereo High Fidelity F615: [illegible]

$629.95

PHILIPS ELECTRONICS [illegible]

90 things and people to watch for from the U.S.

The band of Quincy Jones. A 26-year-old American jazz arranger-composer who brought his band to the States in October for the first time after a vastly successful year in Europe.

BICYCLES WITH PLASTIC FRAMES.

The Desert Rat: *A cocktail of gin and lemon bitters.*

MORE CULTURAL CENTRES along the lines of New York's Lincoln Centre for the Performing Arts, the Metropolitan Boston Arts Centre and the National Cultural Centre in Washington.

DILLY BEANS — DILL PICKLED GREEN BEANS. YOU USE THEM TO STIR DRINKS AND/OR TO NIBBLE.

More all-white southern private schools.

THE ROCKET SNAPDRAGON: *the first flower of the snapdragon family robust enough to stand cold weather.*

STILL ANOTHER SLUGGER for the slugging Milwaukee Braves: Mack Jones, just 21 and just three years in organized ball.

A big new book of photographs by Irving Penn called MOMENTS PRESERVED.

More *ultra-lavish restaurants* LIKE LA FONDA DEL SOL, CRAMMED WITH SOUTH AND CENTRAL AMERICAN ART, IN NEW YORK.

SINGER LURLEAN HUNTER

THE SNAKE HAS ALL THE LINES: Newest book by Jean Kerr, wife of critic Walter and author of the best-selling Please Don't Eat the Daisies. (The title comes from a remark by Mrs. Kerr's eldest son after he'd told her that he was to play Adam in his school's production of Adam and Eve. "Wonderful," she said, "you have the lead." "Yes," he said, "but the snake" etc.)

MORE EMPLOYER-PAID TRAINING **for blue-collar workers being replaced by the march of automation.**

\$\$\$ A PENSION PLAN FOR AUTHORS \$\$\$

A family swimming team to rival Australia's famed Konrads: the sons and daughters of former world backstroke record holder Adolph Kiefer of Chicago: Dale 16, Kathy 12 and Gail 9.

THE RIBALD MUSICAL COMEDY
IRMA LA DOUCE

TRANSPARENT FURNITURE as an antidote to the steady shrinking of living space.

SMALLER NEWSPAPERS
Big circulation dailies are all cutting down on page volume.

A form of light amplification NOW BEING WORKED ON BY THE BELL LABS THAT SHOULD, WHEN PERFECTED, ENABLE MEN TO CAST A BEAM ON THE MOON.

● CHARLES KURALT, the narrator-reporter on **TV's Eyewitness to History.**

A mild boom in love potions. ● *One New York drugstore, Kiehl's on Third Avenue, is doing a brisk trade in them as* [illegible] *voodoo charms, magic oils and* [illegible] *and stones.* It can't advertise them.

THE RETURN OF THE TWO-STORY HOUSE.

A 22-YEAR-OLD TRUMPETER from the Bronx, Mike Mainieri. Though he has made no albums and been heard by few audiences, Mainieri is already being hailed by critics as the brightest new instrumental talent on the U.S. jazz scene.

A RECRUITING DRIVE FOR DOCTORS: IN 1957 NEARLY 7% OF COLLEGE GRADS APPLIED FOR MEDICAL SCHOOLS; IN 1959 ONLY 4% DID.

A newspaper columnist on her way to almost sure national attention: Mary McGrory, a bright and popular addition to the Washington Star.

"Treated" nylons: THEY'LL RUB LANOLIN, SESAME OR ROYAL JELLY INTO WOMEN'S LEGS AS THEY WALK.

SAM (MOONEY) GIANCANA, a *Chicago hood who is taking over from gangster Tony Accardo as an income tax evasion rap. If Giancana, whom fellow hoods regard as a highly flighty man, takes over Chicago's underworld completely, the names to watch for are Frank Laporte and Willie Daddono.* \$\$\$\$\$\$\$\$

A RHYTHM RECORD: Its 18 tracks thump out everything *from fox trot to cha-cha.*

Ships that swim like porpoises via a new flexible rubber skin.

☞ MORE BIG DOGS IN THE CITIES
MORE SMALL DOGS IN THE SUBURBS
(No one has explained this puzzle but breeders report both trends growing.)

The Baltimore Orioles TO WIN THE 1961 WORLD SERIES.

How to turn a million into a shoestring—
And Other Shortcuts to Success.
A new book by former Marx Brothers writer Carl Winston.

STORED HEAT FROM ATOMIC EXPLOSIONS. Mississippi, suffering from regional underdevelopment, has set a physicist to studying its vast salt deposits in hopes that atomic heat can be stored there to provide power for industry.

ANOTHER LARDNER YET. **Shortly after the death this year of John, the witty and beloved columnist son of the witty and beloved columnist-author Ring Lardner, a third Lardner, Rex (Ring's nephew and John's cousin), published a wonderfully funny spoof on golf books called Out of the Bushes and Into the Trees. Now, after years of writing material for such stars as Ernie Kovacs, Rex seems headed for fame on his own. But even he may not be the last of the line. Rex has three sons. At least one, also called Rex, now 16 and sports editor of the Great Neck (N.Y.) High School Guidepost, is showing signs of the Lardner touch.**

☞ NO TAX CUTS IN '61 ☜

A MODEL PENAL CODE, under construction by the *American Law Institute*, it will *serve as a guide to states in trimming their wildly varied criminal laws.*

Ceram furniture finish that a housewife can put on with a rag to give unpainted furniture a professionally finished look.

DRUMMER BUDDY RICH, **WHO TUMBLED INTO OBSCURITY AFTER A HEART ATTACK LAST CHRISTMAS. ABETTED BY SUCH NEW AND EXCITING TALENTS AS** [illegible] **HE'S BUILT A BAND THAT'S BRINGING RICH BACK TO THE FOREFRONT OF MODERN AMERICAN MUSIC.**

A new push for menthol cigarettes.

"The Influential Americans"
a special television study on Nov. 13

Small *refrigerators scattered through the house:* Thermo-electronics will enable designers to split the standard single box so you can keep vegetables near the sink, ice cubes near the bar.

RALPH McGILL, **an anti-segregationist newspaperman who's just been promoted from editor to publisher in Georgia.**

INSTANT COFFEE IN AEROSOL CANS

LIGHTED WALLPAPER DEVELOPED BY WESTINGHOUSE. THEY SAY BUT DON'T BET ON IT [illegible] LIGHTBULBS.

● BOBBY DARIN'S RECORD **ARTIFICIAL FLOWERS** and the Broadway show it came from, Tenderloin.

GREEN LEAVES OF SUMMER, A GOOD BET FOR THE CONTINENT'S NEXT TOP HIT TUNE. IT WAS WRITTEN FOR JOHN WAYNE'S MOVIE THE ALAMO.

LIQUEFIED NATURAL GAS. **The main problem is not to liquefy the gas—which would cut down storage space 600%—but to design pipes and tanks strong enough to hold it.**

THE CARDINAL. Tiny Ford aimed right at the man who's buying the Volkswagen.

BRIGHT COLORED PLASTIC RAINCOATS
☞ FOR MEN ☜

Dressed to the Nines, a new small revue at New York's *Upstairs at the Downstairs* and a [illegible] in the *Cafe Cabot.*

MORE GOVERNMENT SPENDING
on schools, hospitals, highways, slum clearance and parks—no matter who wins the election.

A STRIP TEASE DANCER NAMED
[illegible] **SPRING FEVER** [illegible]

THREE YOUNG SCULPTORS on their way to international fame: David Hare, William King and Herbert Ferber, leaders of the abstract "New York school."

Cigarettes in transparent packages.

Trailer courts with country club comfort: SOME IN THE SOUTHWEST ALREADY HAVE FANCY CLUBHOUSES, HUGE POOLS AND TENNIS COURTS.

A RETURN TO THE VEGETARIAN CRAZE. BIGGEST FOOD FAD IN THE U.S. TODAY IS VEGETABLE JUICES—IN 111 VARIETIES AND COMBINATIONS.

SOLID SOUP. *You break off a chunk and heat it.*

AUDREY HEPBURN **in the two most widely disparate movie roles imaginable: 1) Holly Golightly, the girl with morals to match her name, in an adaptation of Truman Capote's novel, Breakfast at Tiffany's, and 2) Mary, in The Greatest Story Ever Told.**

DALLAS, TEXAS. *By 1980 planners figure Dallas will have merged with nearby Fort Worth for a combined population of four million.*

MICHAEL SOLOMONE, 18-YEAR-OLD JOCKEY WITH NEARLY 150 WINNERS THIS YEAR.

Japanese artificial silks: the closest thing to silk that man's made yet.

BRAND X. Someone's finally done it—named a new kind of window cleaner after the most plugged product of all.

FLORIDA. **Its population is growing four times as fast as the national average.**

A strong contender for TV Show of the Year:
Ingrid Bergman in "Four and Twenty Hours in the Life of a Woman," CBS, March 4.

MORE PRACTICAL USES FOR PAPER. **Already being made into disposable clothing, paper is now being made into tents and sleeping bags that can be thrown away after a camping trip.**

GRAPEFRUIT-SIZE WATERMELONS

Stocks in cigarette and food companies: Market analysts say they're the two best bets for steady growth in the next few years.

THE GUARACHA. It's a rhumba step but four times as fast as the conventional rhumba.

A [illegible] by **the National Association For Better Radio Broadcasting And Television.**

BLACK EYE SHADOW: MAX FACTOR IS [illegible] BEGINNING TO PUSH [illegible] MAKEUP [illegible] FOR "EYES A MAN CAN DROWN IN."

Suburban radio stations: THEY'LL DO THE SAME JOB AS THE BOOMING SUBURBAN WEEKLY NEWSPAPERS—EMPHASIZE LOCAL EVENTS.

CHEAPER AIR FARES: Eastern Air Lines has asked the Civil Aeronautics Board to okay a one-way flat rate experimental flight from Pittsburgh to Miami that, at \$44, would compete with bus (\$38.83) and railway (\$53.39) fares.

Playboy key clubs: They're not-so-private nightclubs for bachelors on the town, backed and organized by the magazine they're named after.

MORE BOOKS SOLD BY SUPERMARKETS

Easy-to-get-at orange juice packed in paper cans with strip-tape openers that work like chewing gum packages.

GUY MARKS, a zany comedian whom Ed Sullivan calls "the most promising new face in comedy."

A TWO-YEAR-OLD FILLY **named Little Tumbler which already looks like her sex's best bet to win the Kentucky Derby since Regret.**

PROFESSOR PHUMBLE, latest and funniest of the spaceage comic strips.

A NEW AIRPORT FOR NEW YORK: IDLEWILD IS ALREADY BECOMING TOO SMALL. THE SITE NOW BEING DISCUSSED IS IN NEW JERSEY, HALFWAY BETWEEN NEW YORK AND PHILADELPHIA.

THE LOSER
A NOVEL BY PETER USTINOV

TAMMY GRIMES in The Unsinkable Molly Brown, a show written around her by Meredith Willson.

AND WATCH OUT FOR . . .

RUSTPROOF ALUMINUM CHRISTMAS TREES FOR PEOPLE WHO DON'T LIKE STAINLESS-STEEL CHRISTMAS TREES

Polyoma virus, a recently discovered organism that causes malignant tumors in close to 100% of lab animals tested.

HOT WATER BOTTLES
☞ **SHAPED LIKE** ☜
JAYNE MANSFIELD

Chain phone calls which get around the post office's objections to the old chain letters but work in much the same way. They usually pay off in bottles of liquor rather than cash.

MORE (UGH) PRE-MIXED DRINKS: ONE FIRM WILL PROMOTE BOTTLED MARTINIS AND MANHATTANS — CHEAPER THAN WHISKY.

A flood of promotional comic books.

CANNED AIR **TO BE SPRAYED FROM A PRESSURE TIN AROUND SICK ROOMS OR STUFFY OFFICES.** ✤

MACHINES THAT TRANSLATE POETRY

BACKSTAGE

AT THE UN with Blair Fraser

How can Africa tell that Canada isn't a U.S. satellite?

Americans treat the United Nations as a theatre of cold war and every vote therein as a battle. UN BEATS K ON RED CHINA, crowed a New York headline after one routine vote in committee, an official U.S. spokesman crowned the final vote on China by saying, "I think we can still win." The Good Guys defeat Bad Guys with the monotonous regularity of TV westerns and the sixteen new members of the UN are potential recruits for one camp or the other, to be enlisted as quickly as possible.

To an outsider, though, the metaphor of battle no longer seems apt. The Big Two look not like rival crusaders rallying young warriors to their ranks but more like rival sultans trying to woo the African newcomers into their respective harems. Wheedlingly they protest their love and devotion and hint at superior virility. One offers rich gifts, the other is lavish with promises.

So far, the black harem's early debutantes have shown no interest in polygamous matrimony at all. At least for their first season they prefer to remain single along with older spinsters like India, Iraq and Sweden. No doubt one reason for this tentative decision is that neither sultan looks particularly attractive.

Khrushchov's failure to win friends with his long blustering speeches is so notorious by now that even he appeared to realize it. For a man so loudly pledged to peace he sounded aggressive and ugly, especially by contrast with the moderate and generous words of President Eisenhower's speech (that even Khrushchov called "conciliatory"). However, what Khrushchov lost by his ugly words he made up in part by genial deeds—he stayed here week after week literally slapping the backs of Afro-Asian delegates, swapping jokes with reporters and drinks with hostile diplomats, looking for all the world like Santa Claus with a shave. Also, he is much more effective in off-the-cuff argument than he is in formal speeches to the Assembly. On balance the Soviet Union probably made a slight net gain by Khrushchov's presence.

Meanwhile the United States was contriving to look its very worst, an extraordinary caricature of the free land it really is. When five students of Rutgers University asked President Mason Gross to invite Khrushchov to the Rutgers campus, Dr. Gross told them to send their request to the U.S. State Department. Thereupon the city council of Elizabeth, N.J., petitioned the New Jersey Legislature to "investigate" Dr. Gross for his seditious manner. By failing to dismiss the students' request at once and rebuke them for making it, the aldermen thought, Dr. Gross had implied approval of the treasonous suggestion.

This example is extreme but fairly typical. It was no small-town council but the U.S. State Department itself that ordered Khrushchov confined to Manhattan and then sheepishly withdrew the order when Khrushchov insisted on going out to his own embassy on Long Island. It was also the State Department that asked unofficially and ineffectively to have Khrushchov kept off American television. Altogether the Americans made almost as much fuss about Khrushchov's presence in the U.S. as the Russians did about the U-2, a comparison that did not fail to occur to neutral observers.

However, there may well have been another reason why the African debutantes found the wooing of the Big Two something less than seductive. They may also have looked without envy on the plight of those older nations who already adorn the harems of east and west. Like Poland, for example. Or Canada.

Canadians get very annoyed with anyone who calls Canada an American satellite, and some delegates can remember obscure votes from years ago to prove that we do occasionally go against the United States. (Since Suez, nobody needs to be reminded that we sometimes vote against Britain.) The annual ritual of voting against the admission of China may be personally humiliating to Canadian delegates, most of whom think China ought to be admitted and the campaign of Chiang Kai-shek abandoned, but this is not yet the policy of the Canadian government nor of either of the major political parties. For internal as well as external reasons Canada votes for the status quo on the China question—Quebec as well as Washington would be affected by a change.

But it was singularly unlucky that this year the China vote was preceded by another motion of very different character. Unlike the admission of Red China it had no support from the Soviet bloc and its acceptance would not have been a Soviet victory. In principle Canada was in favor of it, as Prime Minister Diefenbaker himself had plainly said in a speech ten days before. This was the motion of five "neutral" countries, including India and Ghana, expressing the hope that the president of the U.S. and the premier of the Soviet Union would "renew their contacts interrupted recently."

It was a wholly innocent resolution. Perhaps it would have done no good, but it certainly could have done no harm. The five neutrals, especially India and most especially Prime Minister Nehru himself, had invested a lot of prestige in it; they went to considerable lengths to tone it down, so as to get it unanimously accepted.

But the United States wouldn't have the neutrals' resolution at any price. President Eisenhower had already said he wouldn't see Khrushchov and the U.S. delegation was determined that the UN should not appear to be scolding him for it. They didn't want Eisenhower put in the position of defying or even ignoring the expressed will of the United Nations.

Out of this American determination came first the Australian amendment (crushingly defeated, with Canada among the five nations supporting it) and then the clever Argentine device that finally beat the neutrals' resolution. The Argentine manoeuvre was perfectly legal by the fine print of UN rules, but had an odor of sharp practice about it. It left the impression (in my opinion a correct impression) that a sincere effort for peace had been thwarted by a cheap shyster's trick.

But why should Canada feel particularly humiliated by this unhappy episode? After all, there were thirty-six other countries in the majority that beat the neutrals' resolution; why should Canada get more than her thirty-seventh of the blame?

Actually there has been some exaggeration of what the Canadians did and felt on that dismal Wednesday evening. It is not true, as reported at the time, that Vice-Chairman Wallace Nesbitt deliberately stayed away from the assembly to avoid having to cast Canada's vote—he missed only one of the four votes, and it was a social engagement that delayed him. It is true the individual Canadian delegates were very unhappy about the position of their country and of the West, but they were voting on explicit instructions from Ottawa, and there is no evidence that their views were shared by Howard Green, the minister of external affairs. (On at least one previous occasion, Green had disconcerted his men by instructing them to "find out how the British are voting, and vote the same way." On the neutrals' resolution the British were voting with the Americans.)

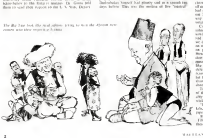
Canada's only reason for being particularly ashamed is that Canada is particularly sensitive to the word "satellite." Few if any of the Americans' friends and clients talk so much about their independence as we do. The present government was elected in part on its promise to assert that independence—to remove or prevent American "domination" in all fields. Howard Green himself has said more about the freedom and initiative of Canadian policy than any other minister of external affairs we have had. Canadians like to hear this talk. To find ourselves helping to defeat a motion that we really approved, for no other reason than that the Americans wanted it defeated for their own political reasons, gave a keen pang of shame to the few Canadians who were here to see it done.

Talking the whole thing over a few days later, one of the MPs on the delegation remarked, "We probably took the whole thing too seriously. In a little while everybody will forget about it."

"I might remind you," a reporter said, "that the Liberals used to say exactly the same thing about the pipeline debate."

The MP took a long, reflective pull at his drink. "I'm afraid," he said, "that you may have a point there." ★

The Big Two look like rival sultans trying to win the African newcomers into their respective harems



BACKGROUND

THE CANADIAN AMERICANS

A report on some not-so-well-known expatriates who are doing well by both the U.S. and themselves

CANADIANS LIKE TO BOAST that their most valuable export to the United States is people. Most of us, at the right point in a chauvinistic argument, can name a number of Canadian-born Americans who are successful or celebrated in the U.S. A Canadian-born millionaire, **James E. Murray**, is retiring after twenty-six years as a Democratic senator from Montana. A Canadian-born comedian, **Mort Sahl**, is the most *au courant* comedian in the U.S. A Canadian-born television personality, **Art Linkletter**, is among the most popular and best-paid figures in entertainment. A Canadian-born movie executive, **Jack L. Warner**, is head of one of the most powerful studios in Hollywood. A Canadian-born publisher, **Frank S. MacGregor**, is chairman of one of the U.S.'s most influential houses, Harper & Brothers.

But each of these men went to the U.S. early in life and rose to prominence as an American citizen. There are others, though—many of whom are not thought of as Canadian even by Canadians who hear about them fairly regularly—who have carefully decided as adults that they would rather live in the United States and who have done very well by both the U.S. and themselves. They have achieved fortune or at least fame in almost every field of endeavor.

In education, **Wallace Sterling**, a 54-year-old graduate of Toronto and Alberta, is president of Stanford University in California. **Harold Taylor**, a graduate (BA and MA) of Toronto, is president of Sarah Lawrence (women's) College in Bronxville, N.Y. **Marion Tait**, a classicist from Saskatoon, is a dean at Vassar.

There are scores, even hundreds, of Canadians on the faculties of dozens of important universities in the United States. The most dramatic example is the medical faculty at Johns Hopkins University in Baltimore, Md., where there are more than fifty Canadians on the staff. One reason is that Sir William Osler, a Canadian, was the first professor of medicine at Hopkins and others followed him. But Osler's influence has long since waned and still the Canadians come—and often rise to eminence. **Dr. Russell Morgan**, a Hopkins professor of radiology, is so highly regarded in his field that he has been appointed chairman of the National Advisory Committee on radiation hazards. **Dr. Earl Walker**, a professor of neurosurgery, has done pioneering work in mapping the brain and in the relief of epilepsy symptoms. **Dr. Frederick Sparling** runs the largest single department of Johns Hopkins hospital, the outpatient clinic. **Dr. Janet Hardy** is leading the most extensive research project ever undertaken at the university—on congenital defects in children. **Dr. Warde B. Allan**, an associate professor of medicine, has developed a device that could be to lung cancer diagnosis what the X-ray has been to TB. And the man who co-ordinates all the research programs of Johns Hopkins is a Canadian, **P. Stewart Macaulay**.

Two of the best known university professors in the United States—each working in a field well removed from the scientists of Johns Hopkins—are also Canadians: **S. I. Hayakawa** and **J. K. Galbraith**. Hayakawa, Vancouver-born and now working at San Francisco State College, is probably the foremost semanticist of his day. His books include *Language in Action*, a Book-of-the-Month Club selection in the 40s. His poetry has been widely published. He is a member of a dozen different learned societies, ranging from the American Anthropology Association to the Institute of Jazz Studies, of which he is a director. Galbraith, at 51, is a professor of economics at Harvard, a vital member of the Kennedy presidential brain trust, a former speech writer for Adlai Stevenson and, as an author, the man who put the phrase *The Affluent Society* into the language.

Yale University has named a Canadian, **John George Reynolds**, head of its economics department.

Canadians have also risen to the top in such fields as the military (**Major-General John Charles MacDonald**, born in Antigonish, N.S., recently retired as deputy commander of U.S. Army Task Force 7), labor (**William F. Kennedy** is president of the Brotherhood of Railway Trainmen; **William C. Calvin** is international president of Boilermakers and Blacksmiths) and the church (**Rt. Rev. J. Stuart Wetmore** is Episcopal Bishop of New York City; **Rt. Rev. Joseph Kearney** is presiding bishop of the General Council of the Reform Episcopal Church).

Even politics. Canadians are now in jobs ranging from the mayoralty of Gooding, Idaho, which is held by **John Wesley Miller**, a United Church minister born in Stouffville, Ont., to a chair on the Democratic National Committee. The committeewoman is **Violet McDougall Pollard**, a former school teacher in Ontario and a graduate of Regina College who got interested in U.S. politics while on a Florida vacation in 1917 and stayed to become the secretary to four consecutive governors of Virginia. In 1933 she married the fourth governor, John Garland Pollard, who has since died.

Canadians who have succeeded in business make the headlines from time to time—when **Cyrus Eaton**, recently of Pugwash, N.S., played host to Nikita Khrushchov at the year's most controversial luncheon, for example, or almost any time **Elizabeth Arden** says anything about women. But there are dozens of other Canadians at or near the top of the U.S. business ladder who are not so well known. **G. Allan MacNamara** is president of the Soo Line railway. **Charles Burnett Laing** is vice-president of the Prudential Insurance Company. **Ernest G. Jarvis** is chairman of Continental Copper and Steel Industries. **Walter Skune** is executive director of government services for Owens Corning Fiberglas. **David T. Staples** is president of Tidewater Oil. **Harold O. Tompkins** is vice-president in charge of sales for Firestone Tire and Rubber.

Canadians head two remarkably different U.S. periodicals. **John Howard Sweet**, who didn't quite graduate from the University of Manitoba, is publisher of the weekly U.S. News and World Report. **J. Samuel Perlman** is editor and publisher of the Daily Racing Form.

Not all our successes in the States are in such solemnly important fields. **Paul Anka**, the rock 'n' roller, is a Canadian. But so is **Wilfred Pelletier**, conductor for the Metropolitan Opera and the San Francisco Opera Company, among other accomplishments. **Percy Faith**, a graduate of Toronto's Jarvis Collegiate, is one of the best known conductors of the soft and saccharine bands. **Maynard Ferguson**, a Montrealer, leads a band of precisely the opposite kind—he is entrenched at New York's Birdland, the jazz mecca. And **Gil Evans**, a jazz composer and arranger, has just finished work on an album with trumpeter Miles Davis that Down Beat magazine calls "one of the most important musical triumphs this century has ever seen." This list doesn't mention **Oscar Peterson** or **Gisele MacKenzie** or **George London**, or **Guy Lombardo** or **Bea Lillie** or ...

Melissa Hayden, from Toronto, is one of the leading dancers with the New York Ballet Company. **Richard Taylor** is one of the nation's most sophisticated and successful cartoonists. **Arthur Brown** is a top magazine illustrator. **Saul Bellow** is in the front rank of younger novelists. There are more well-known names than there is space to list them. More interesting perhaps is the question of how these men and women feel about Canada since becoming Americans.

Bellow, whose novel *The Adventures of Augie March* won the National Book Award in 1953, left Montreal (he was born in Lachine, Que.) at nine (we've included him here because he is one expatriate who keeps his ties with Canada). "I still say Tewsday instead of Toosday," he told Maclean's, "and I still have aunts and uncles and cousins in Montreal." Bellow's next novel, to be called *Herzog*, will include some reminiscences of Lachine and Montreal.

Bellow's feeling for his birthplace is far from unique among others who have moved to the U.S. Violet Pollard, the Democratic national committeewoman, told Maclean's, "Every time I hear O Canada I want to stand up and sing it. I visit Canada whenever I can." Bishop Wetmore of New York still spends his holidays in his native New Brunswick but "I think—often—of the whole country as home."

Prof. Galbraith seemed almost the most Canadian of them all. "I take great pride in the fact I'm from Canada and mention it so often that my friends tend to cut me off whenever it comes up."

Why did these people leave Canada? Some, like the Soo Line's Allan MacNamara, were sent there by their companies (the Soo Line is owned by the CPR) and many of the other businessmen simply outgrew their jobs with subsidiaries of U.S. firms.

Others leave because they've conquered most of Canada's challenges and want new ones. Still others simply like bigger money than Canada can afford to pay. Their reasons are as varied as their successes. The case for many was put this way by Kenneth Galbraith: "I left because at a certain point in the Depression I was overcome by the need of a salary." ★

GALBRAITH

HAYAKAWA

HAYDEN

BELLOW

PERLMAN

COMMENT

EDITORIAL

What Canadians know—but don't always remember—about the United States

CANADA'S DEAREST LEGEND is that whereas Americans are grossly and insultingly ignorant of all things Canadian, we Canadians know all about the United States. Like most legends it has a precarious foundation in fact. Canadians do know more about the United States than we know about any other country (including our own, in some embarrassing cases — many a Canadian schoolchild who knows President Eisenhower has never heard of John Diefenbaker or Mackenzie King). We also know more about the U. S. than other foreigners do. It would be odd if we did not.

Nevertheless, we don't know as much about our neighbors as we think we do. There is no easier way to earn five dollars than to bet the average Canadian that he cannot name the fifty (or as some of us would still say, the forty-eight) states of the union. Any political conversation in Canada reveals that we have only the shakiest grasp of the American constitution, which we tend to regard as a national eccentricity. Few of us understand how the U. S. Congress works, or what is meant by "the separation of powers." We know little of the causes and effects of the American Civil War, or of how the surrender of 1865 was modified by the quietly negotiated peace of 1877. Least of all do we realize what a deep, broad, complex body of opinions and emotions grew out of all these things, or out of the accounts of them in American school histories. No wonder that the Americans so often take us by surprise.

More important than the things we don't know are the things we do know but keep forgetting. Canadians in this respect are no more at fault than other peoples, but we have less excuse for it. We above all should remember the easy openhanded generosity, never equalled anywhere at any time; the formidable technical skill and the readiness to share it with the world; the respect for weaker neighbors' views and preferences, which wasn't always there but has now been maintained with laudable patience for twenty-five years.

This special issue of Maclean's is not designed either as an elementary textbook in American civics or as an exercise in good-neighborly applause. It contains plenty of criticism both by staff writers (see Backstage at the United Nations, page 2) and by contributors (see Hugh MacLennan's article For the Sake of Argument, page 10). It has no other object than to provide a fresh look at something that is familiar, but not as familiar as some Canadians think.

We shall be disappointed, though, if the net impression is anything but friendly. In our opinion, no other impression would be accurate. No matter what mutual exasperations may afflict us, the underlying friendship and warmth of heart is a fact.

MAILBAG

Why we should like the U.S., why we shouldn't, and one solution to both problems: annex it

Why Don't Canadians Grow Up and Stop Hating the States? by Robert Thomas Allen (For the Sake of Argument, Sept. 24) brought more mail from Maclean's readers than any article we can remember. Most of them agreed with Allen; a substantial minority disagreed. Here are some of the strong views from both sides.

I WANT TO THANK ROBERT THOMAS ALLEN very much. Wherever I have gone in the U. S. I have found only friendship and respect for Canada and I think that Americans are setting a wonderful example in their broadmindedness and generosity for other human beings no matter what nationality. I wish we could experience the same in Canada.—ROSE FAIRSE, HAMILTON, ONT.

✔ There is a substantial segment of our population which does need to grow up when it comes to relations with the United States. . . . Let us on both sides of the border give more time to expressing publicly our mutual good fortune, rather than to picking at small irritations should these arise.—DOUGLAS L. HARDTMAN, KINGSTON, ONT.

✔ We don't hate the United States (even though) we heartily dislike the way Uncle Sam dominates and exploits Canada.—JESSE C. JONES, JORDAN STATION, ONT.

✔ Allen's article is one of the best you ever published. —J. A. ELLIOTT, VANCOUVER

✔ Most Canadians love the United States as do others.—G. W. BOOTH, MONTREAL

✔ Allen gladdened my heart.—G. H. ANDERSON, BOWEN ISLAND, B.C.

✔ Laurels to Robert Thomas Allen. To be justifiably repelled by some grotesque overfed character right out of a Giles cartoon, wearing a loud shirt and baseball cap, who demands to know in a grating twang why "you Canadians think our money ain't as good as yours," is one thing. But to consider him typical of all Americans and to make uninformed churlish anti-Americanism practically an end in itself and almost a psychopathic national pastime is quite another. —K. H. WALES, VICTORIA, B.C.

✔ Allen may consider his work well done. He has at least one convert.—MRS. R. D. PAULSEN, TERRACE, B.C.

✔ If my annoyance is any measure of the success of Allen's article it has indeed succeeded.—FRANKLIN D. HILLIARD, KELOWNA, B.C.

✔ Allen is a crab.—R. E. NEVISON, MIDLAND, ONT.

✔ My hat is off.—JOHN C. HIGHBY, NEW YORK, N.Y.

✔ Having studied thousands of Canadian editorials, and listened to as many speeches and conversations, I have come to the conclusion that the fault with North America is an improper division of resources: the Americans got the power, the Canadians the virtue and common sense. This situation must be rectified if the world is to be given the strong, sane leadership it needs so badly. I therefore propose that the United States be made the eleventh province of Canada. After a suitable period of re-education, say ten years, the Americans might even be permitted some representation in the Canadian Parliament (in the Senate, of course). This marriage of Yankee muscle with Canadian brain and conscience would have beneficent results too obvious to require spelling out. The security of the world would be so greatly enhanced that I should not be surprised if I were awarded the Nobel Peace Prize for my proposal.—PEYTON LYON, LONDON, ONT.

MORE REACTION TO ALLEN ON PAGE 91

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MACLEAN'S
USA

THE COVER

For this special report on the U S the cover is really a contents page, and the type is designed to give some impression of the variety and pace of the articles inside. The cover artist in this unusual case is Allan Fleming, one of the leading Canadian typographers.

PHOTOGRAPHS IN THIS ISSUE

Credits are listed left to right, top to bottom: [illegible]

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For the sake of argument

HUGH MacLENNAN CONTENDS

It's the U.S. or us

The Americanization of Canada—by which I mean the swamping of our national purpose by that of the United States and of our habit by a state of mind totally American—has been such a subconscious process on our part and such an unmalicious one on theirs, that no reasonable man would call it a conquest. It has been more like a seduction in which the lady keeps murmuring that she can't help herself.

It was after the war that relationships really changed between the United States and Canada. It was only then that some shrewd Americans became genuinely interested in us. Now they are playing for us intelligently, not only because our natural resources and market are valuable but because they sincerely believe that what is good for Americans is good for everyone else, especially us. More than one American has referred to Canada as a little brother whom Americans would like to see grow up, which means to grow up into a smaller version of Big Brother.

"A wonderful little country"

For myself I prefer the feminine analogy and I suspect an American with a sense of humor might also prefer it. For what tycoon, if he is a true tycoon, does not have a deep protective and self-flattering fondness for the one mistress who invariably knows her place, who always covers up for him when his other girl friends blow their tops, and who so far from costing him anything has actually turned over most of her inheritance to him to invest?

"Canada is a wonderful little country." One hears that phrase suspiciously often from Americans who do not really know us.

"I think of Canada as an American Scotland," a Washington man said to me last summer.

"There's a difference, of course," I said. "Scotland is part of a united kingdom."

"But you'd never want to join the United States. You have too much pride."

"Nor would you want us to. Or would you?" He smiled. "Oh, we couldn't be happier than we are with the present arrangement."

This conversation made an amusing commentary on the views of a businessman I know in Montreal who thinks that if we were smart we would join the States.

"Mind you, I don't want to become an American, but Canadian business makes pretty heavy sacrifices for this Canadian nationhood people like you talk so much about. If this province was an American state, we could vote. We could pressure the people in Washington into doing things for our interests."

His was a familiar view deriving from the old-fashioned Canadian theory that any time we wish to become part of the Great Republic all we have to do is invite ourselves in. In the past we might have done so. The Americans wanted us in 1776. In 1812 they tried to drag us in by force, and all through the last century they made loud and youthful noises about Manifest Destiny. But they don't do that any more. They've become much too shrewd in their middle age.

For surely anyone can see that from the standpoint of an American corporation man with holdings here the setup is perfect. His Canadian branch is scrupulously careful to recruit Canadian labor to serve it. His handful of Canadian executives are well enough paid to swallow their chagrin whenever they realize that the company's policy will never be influenced by them except on the most minor of local levels. Nor have many of these executives had much choice in serving their American bosses. Often they had given years to a Canadian firm only to discover in their middle age that it had been swallowed by an American one. And in no respect are these postwar American business chiefs subtler than in their trigger-fast repudiation of any suggestion that Canada has become either a commercial colony or a political satellite.

But as foreigners see it, that is just what CONTINUED ON PAGE 59

HUGH MacLENNAN IS A MONTREAL NOVELIST AND ESSAYIST WHOSE WORKS ARE WIDELY KNOWN ON BOTH SIDES OF THE BORDER

Wood Frog, by Harold V. Green, Photography Microscopy Group of the Pulp and Paper Research Institute of Canada.

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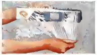

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OVERSEAS REPORT

BY LESLIE F. HANNON

[illegible]

The Americanization of Europe seen from the lighter side

LONDON—Thanks to the 7.30 p.m. curtain, it was still early when we left Her Majesty's after a return visit to West Side Story. Bemused by the effect of the knife wielding young punks of New York on the dressy English crowd ("Heavens" I heard one woman say. "I mean one simply couldn't go into the streets after dark.") we walked up toward Soho looking for dinner. At an intersection in that tangle of alleyways a Cockney barrowman was shouting his wares. It was a strange sound in the London night: "Get your hotdogs, hamburgers and Coca-Cola." In a soiled white coat, a tweed cap pulled down around his ears, he poured rank fat on a tiny hotplate over a sputtering Primus. While a courageous customer waited he thrust his hand into a cardboard box, pulled out a patty of meat and whacked it on the hotplate with a triumphant flourish. "Hotdogs, hamburgers," he shouted.

Certainly hamburgers and Coke are still a long way from supplanting fish and chips and tea in the English scene, but the incident highlighted my inquiry into the influence of American ideas, habits and customs on everyday life in Europe. For this report I asked just about everybody I met what impact—apart from the impact on political and military affairs—the United States has had on life here in recent years. The answers were almost always thoughtful, never scornful and often surprising. They went from car styles to frosted foods, sports shirts to television kitchens to brassières, launderettes to steaks, jazz, salary scales, do-it-yourself ideas, high society and paperback books. No one mentioned chewing gum, machine-like efficiency

CONTINUED ON PAGE 93

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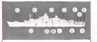

A	Theatre	E	1st Class Restaurant
B	Swimming Pools	F	Stern Gallery
C	Games Decks	G	Tourist Ballroom
D	Silver Grill	H	Children's Areas

shows and concerts. Three swimming pools (**B**): two in tourist and one in first class. And eleven passenger decks, five of which (**C**) are open to the gentle sun for sports and loafing.

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"Sundowners" [illegible] South Pacific. A dry martini sets [illegible]

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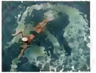

Three pools [illegible] with blue Pacific water. Children have their own paddling pools.

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A SEARCH FOR AMERICAN EXCELLENCE

A GALLERY OF TEN AMERICANS

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MOORE
GILBRETH
BLACK

MACLEAN'S HERE GOES AGAINST THE GRAIN OF MOST OF WHAT IS SAID AND WRITTEN ABOUT AMERICA TODAY. THIS REPORT LOOKS NOT FOR THE WORST BUT THE BEST, AND FINDS AMONG THE FAMILIAR FAULTS SOME UNFAMILIAR AND ENLIVENING STRENGTHS

By Ken Lefolii

Nice guys finish last, as Leo Durocher once said, and I suspect that in the half of the world that is in hock to America there is lately an uneasy feeling that the Americans are beginning to look like losers. The state of the union in 1960, by most reports, is the broad national embrace the cartoonist Walt Kelly calls togetherhead. Some people are more together than others, as a castrated Negro or an outspoken Trotskyist with his head broken might testify, but most Americans appear to be well satisfied with other Americans and themselves.

These American failings are both real and contagious, as Canadians have every reason to know. But a nation's vices, like a woman's, are always easier to hear about than their virtues, if either happens to have any. Although they tend to be overlooked in the conspicuous misspending of many of America's agencies, there are Americans who are doing exhilarating things and doing them better all the time. This is a minority report on ten of them.

They are alike in a very few ways. They are full of the kind of lust that Robert Frost, a poet from New England, talked about in Washington earlier this year. A United States senator named Clark asked Mr. Frost if he had ever thought about Alexis de Tocqueville's conclusion, a century ago when the French writer traveled across America, that democracies tend to breed mediocrity.

"Yes. Damn Tocqueville," Robert Frost said. "He condemned us to mediocrity. We can't do that. It's all wrong. ... We've got to choose, we've got to prefer.

"As I said, talking to some scientists lately, 'Have we come up?'

"They said, 'Yes,' rather reluctantly. They didn't know whether we had come up or not, but they said, 'Yes.'

"And I said, 'What's brought us up?' And they thought it was more or less an accident, I guess.

"I said, 'I think it's passionate preference. Passionate preference. It's done in all ways, in the arts more than anywhere else; that's where it rings: passionate preference.'"

Excellence is more often made to ring by breaking the rules than following them, but just as it is seldom reached without what Robert Frost calls passionate preference, it is hard to get without sweating long hours. "There is no way to success in our art," an earlier New England poet named Ralph Emerson once wrote, "but to take off your coat, grind paint and work like a digger on the railroad, all day and every day." As well as anyone has since, Emerson also described the only other ground rule for excellence: "Speak what you think today in words as hard as cannonballs," he said.

The men and women in this gallery all grind paint, and they throw their cannonballs when and where they think they'll do the most good. They are not by any means the only men and women in America who do both and do them passionately. There was a fierce excellence in Floyd Patterson's winter of discontent, with his rope and his bags and a durable sparring partner, that made him a better fighter than any man in the world, including an earlier Patterson. There is the scornful excellence in Bernard Baruch, of an unabashed aristocrat among peasants. There is an inventive excellence in more than one musical comedy score by Lerner and Loewe (told though that after the Gershwins and Porters and Berlins the song writers practising now all have tin ears). There are other Americans lusting for excellence: they have made Manhattan, the civil liberties decisions of the Supreme Court, the most comfortable and maligned motor cars in the world, blueprints for surgical procedures that would have looked like sorcery ten years ago, a few singularly funny flashes of satire, splendid hybrid watermelons and tree fruits and field crops that may yet rescue the world from starvation, and a good deal more.

They live in a country that goes wrong as prodigiously as it does everything else, but they are worth remembering for that reason too. When Robert Frost spoke about passionate preference, he went on to say: "The other day I met a young Greek poetess. I wonder where she is. She talked to me until she thought I would not see her again. She said, 'I fear for your country.'

"And I said, 'What are you afraid of?'

"And she said, 'The sort of thing people are talking about, fear that there's not enough feeling for anything but business and Hollywood and all that kind of thing.'

"And I said, 'I don't believe you know us enough. It's too superficial. There's more to us than that.'"

He meant, unless I misunderstand him, that there are passionate men and women in America who work like diggers on the railroad and speak their minds, not unlike the Americans in the report that follows.

WORKING MAN'S EXECUTIVE

REUTHER

Walter Philip Reuther, the almost certain heir to the top labor job in America, the presidency of the AFL-CIO, is a tireless man. He seems to live to work, and he throws into his work a racing mind that is usually at least one idea ahead of management and other union leaders as well, backed up by a flair for oratory and an apparently inexhaustible taste for taking risks. More than one executive has said that he wished to hell Reuther would be satisfied with money like everybody else. But although Reuther's pension program, his guaranteed annual wage plan, his profit-sharing proposals and his other pressing innovations have shown American labor what it has to win, he makes labor leaders almost as nervous as he makes the man he is constantly battling on the other side of the bargaining table. Reuther never lets up. He doesn't slap backs, offer cigars or cultivate personalities. He probably has fewer personal friends in labor than a hood like Jimmy Hoffa, but he has the respect of everybody in the country who doesn't want to see him in jail for undermining the prerogatives of capital.

Reuther's father, a German immigrant, handed down to him his red hair, his early interest in socialism and almost nothing else. At seventeen he was an apprentice toolmaker at the Wheeling Steel Corporation and a night student at Wayne University. By 1935, when he was twenty-eight, he had founded local 174 of the United Auto Workers, and he has become in turn president of the UAW, president of the CIO and first vice-president of the combined AFL-CIO. George Meany's retirement is all that stands between him and presidency of the AFL-CIO council.

Some Americans have speculated fearfully, others hopefully, that his continuing drive will take him all the way to the presidency of the United States. A reporter from the Sunday Times of London once told Reuther that in Britain a man of his calibre and oratorical gifts would have a good chance to become prime minister and asked him whether he thought he had the same chance. "I suppose the day will come when a labor leader could aspire to the presidency," Reuther said. "But I personally have no political ambitions." This is not entirely the case. For the last couple of years Reuther (who abandoned the idea he had in the early 1940s of whipping labor into line behind a new third party) has been working for a reshuffle of the old parties. He would align all right-thinking men, as he sees thinking, with the Democrats and all wrong-thinking men with the Republicans. Reuther leads the labor wing of a group within the Democrats that he [illegible] Jack Kennedy [illegible] from now the people who have been fearful of Reuther's political ambitions may know how much they had to fear.

Evidence is already in that more general fears of Reuther's ambition at the bargaining table are well founded. Businessmen have been saying for years that he wants to take over the decisions of management, and of some decisions there is no doubt that he does. He is out to get labor a broader say on work standards in the factory. He is hammering the auto industry with proposals to level off seasonal swings in sales and employment. When a sales slump seems to be coming he has challenged the industry to cut prices, promising to hold off wage demands in return. By labor-management tradition these things are none of labor's business, but to many people on Reuther's side of the fence he seems to be after what management is too busy chasing a buck to go after itself.

Buck-chasing, Reuther believes, is on the way out in America. "Are we trying to build a society so that every kid of eighteen has a sport car, every room in a house has a built-in television and we have so much plumbing that you need three plumbers in every block to keep it going?" he has asked. The real problem, he says, is raised by automation. "It is the problem of learning to live with abundance and the only way you can learn to live with abundance is to learn to manage it, and the only way you can manage it is to share it. We can now give the great mass of people access to culture and learning and the opportunities to facilitate the growth of the inner man."

He is willing to start small. In an L-shaped suburban Detroit building called Solidarity House, the glass-walled headquarters of Reuther's UAW, union men sweat out seminars at a "labor college," professional task forces study problems like city planning and retirement activities, a forward planning unit of economists and sociologists plots the union's attack on objectives years ahead of day-to-day bargaining issues. When Reuther's in Detroit (he will come back from Chicago with a new contract one week, from New Delhi with a proposal for aid to save India the next) his lights in Solidarity House burn late. He has never told anyone whether there is a grain of satisfaction for an immigrant's son in reflecting that in palmier days for capital the parkland his office stands on was the Edsel Ford estate. Reuther doesn't do much reflecting on what's past. He is occupied with planning and pushing into the future—pushing labor to raise its sights, pushing management to live up to the rights labor sees, pushing himself

PAINTINGS THAT SAY WHAT THEY MEAN

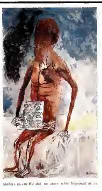
SHAHN

Ben Shahn's paintings have clearly said what Shahn was thinking about life in America for more than thirty years, while almost every other painter of genius on this or any other continent has spent some or all of his time painting meaningless but fashionable abstractions.

Much of what Shahn has thought and painted has been a corrosive comment on injustice and brutality, which Shahn does not believe get any nicer as time goes by. But he paints even unpopular pictures with such power that his graphic ideas have stamped on every kind of American art, from advertising design to magazine illustration to the work of young painters who are dominated by Shahn's style and will probably suffer until they can get rid of it.

A gnarled, blunt-looking man, Shahn thinks and writes with the same cutting edge that makes weapons of many of his paintings. He is probably the only painter who says what he means so well that he has been asked to lecture on literature at a great university, a distinction that came to Shahn in 1956 when Harvard invited him to be Eliot Norton Professor of Poetry. The six lectures he gave have been published in a book, The Shape of Content, in which he argues against the popular idea among American painters that art cannot comment on life with any meaning and still be art.

Shahn thinks painting is going wrong by working with symbols that only a smaller and smaller group of insiders understand. "This kind of philosophy has grown up in the arts to such a degree that it has become a measure of value," he has said. "If the audience is smaller the work is better. If the audience is larger the work is worse. That is as ridiculous as the other gauge that says a large audience means necessarily that a work is good." Shahn paints what he thinks, to his own way


Shahn's [illegible]: *We did not know what happened to us*

BUILDING LIKE A BIRD

SAARINEN

The heart of New York's Idlewild Airport, the greatest [illegible] of the air age, is a ring of new terminal buildings. No two are alike, but an eye roving around the ring sees a common sense of style that would do justice to a reasonably good motel. Finally the eye reaches the unfinished Trans World Airlines terminal, and here it snaps out of its architectural stupor. The TWA terminal is a gamble against all the rules of conventional architecture, the boldest new design going up anywhere on earth.

From the air it looks like a heavily muscled bird, wings raised, ready to fly. At eye level it looks like a ribbed and folded section of the sky. It is in fact a six-thousand-ton dome made from several concrete arcs locked together—a kind of building called "form giving" because it takes its free shape not from walls or beams or pillars but from the curves the architect works with. A form giving building helps support itself by the stresses set up among its curves, and the TWA terminal, which will be by far the largest building of its kind in the world, looks almost light enough to fly for just this reason.

Standing in the architectural wasteland at Idlewild, the big rumpled dome takes on grandeur that may not all be earned. Pier Luigi Nervi, an Italian architect who has had more experience than anyone else with form giving engineering, says the TWA dome is too heavy and elaborate for the problem it seeks to solve. Other architects and engineers are watching to see how the gamble against the canons of their profession turns out before they pass judgment. Whatever they say, the TWA terminal will catch and hold the eye of every traveler who goes through Idlewild, and it will lay down a challenge to the world's architects and builders to match its daring.

Eero Saarinen, the Detroit architect who designed the dome, has been called a second-generation genius. His father, Eliel, was one of the leading American architects of his time. Since Eliel's death in 1950 Eero has impressed his individuality, smashing the architectural rigidity of the '40s with strokes like the controversial great golden eagle above his American embassy in London, a technical centre for General Motors that is being called the industrial Versailles, and now his heroic concrete bubble at Idlewild.

The Idlewild dome is a gamble as much on workmanship as against dogma. A form-giving building has to be built twice, once in wood. When the concrete shell hardens over the wooden frame the carpenters who raised the wood building strip it off again, leaving its shape standing in concrete.

For Saarinen's shell an acre and a half of intricately curved wooden forming had to be built within a quarter of an inch of the architect's specifications. Some engineers had suspected there weren't enough skilled carpenters left in America to do the job. The men who did it came straight out of a New York hiring hall and they hammered and sawed with more finesse and more spirit than most American engineers have seen. Their foreman said they were interested because they were going to see the shape of their own work in the finished building, an experience most of the carpenters had never had before.

Saarinen solved problems of craftsmanship himself long before anyone pounded a nail. His dome started as a shape in his mind, the way a piece of sculpture starts, and the building itself is really a piece of sculpture on an enormous scale. But there are no mathematics subtle enough to transfer directly to paper the interlocking curves Saarinen saw. He broke the problem by going back to a method older than mathematics. With his hands he shaped the forms he wanted in models of wire and cardboard.

"In our office, we go through the most terrible labor pains," he once said. He labored painfully over model after model, reshaping, standing on chairs and lying on the floor to see them whole.

"Then," he said, "we were able to make drawings of what we actually *had*."

The model shows the sweep of both the concrete bird's wings, while carpenters lay wooden forms for one wingtip

MELODY FROM THE RHYTHM SECTION

MINGUS

Jazz by all its names, from blues to swing to the score of a musical comedy, is the first musical way of speaking that almost everybody everywhere can understand and agree with. But although jazz has won a brassy grip on the ear of the world, jazz musicians seem lately to be having trouble finding sounds worth making. The jazz canned for sale in jukeboxes has become so [illegible] that almost nobody over seventeen has the [illegible] in the stomach to take it. Cool jazz is often frigid or feverish-sounding, like a set of logarithms lifted from [illegible] in the first case or like music by and for hopheads in the second.

The best jazz is still emotion belted out loud. This is the jazz the blues chanters started with: no intellectual pretensions, fiercely personal sound—music of the kind a [illegible] pudgy virtuoso of thirty-eight named Charlie Mingus writes, conducts and plays. Musicians say Mingus is the greatest pizzicato bass player the instrument has known. He uses his bass not as the plodding workhorse of the rhythm section the bass once was but as a melodic instrument that sometimes takes over group passages in spite of itself and handles solo choruses with crackling energy, precision and rare eloquence. Mingus also uses his bass to conduct the groups he leads, setting their tempo and tone by the level of his own instrument.

He is a tough bandleader but one who goes out of his way to find and train unknown musicians, who usually have a good deal to thank him for before they're through. These men play music composed and arranged by Mingus, a catholic jazz that ranges from lyrical to hot, from the ballad to the blues, from poetry to satire. The fruit of it is driving, harsh, passionate music that follows no fashion but Mingus's own hard-edged taste. Most of the best known modern jazz CONTINUED ON PAGE 84

WHERE THE AMERICAN NEGRO STANDS IN THE BLACK MAN'S WORLD

Despite slums, discrimination, even brutality, he has risen far above black men in any other country

By Ian Sclanders

[illegible] was [illegible] ally dominated and shaped by the white man. The [illegible] about the level of a second-class citizen. In [illegible] by whites [illegible] Negro [illegible] limited [illegible] education and [illegible] disease and illiteracy. In white countries [illegible] but he does better in one of them than he [illegible] in which he was brought in chains [illegible] and in which, although he has been free [illegible] he has never been free from discrimination.

[illegible] the United States he still knows the brutality of [illegible] South, where [illegible] hatred and ignorance periodically erupt [illegible] the [illegible] but crushing hostility of the North, which, while [illegible] him to [illegible] slights, mean jobs, slum [illegible] In spite of [illegible] he is winning his fight to be treated as an American [illegible] fellow Americans and not as an inferior unfit to enter the same [illegible] theatres, swim at the same beaches, ride in [illegible] live in the same neighborhoods as [illegible]

He [illegible] since World War II than he did in the [illegible] he intensified his campaign for equ[illegible] segregated lunch counters. [illegible] at segregat[illegible] have been front-page news. So [illegible] segregated amusement parks, picture shows and [illegible] of department stores that are eager to take his [illegible] the courtesies and the chances of employment offered whites [illegible] to establish that under U.S. law he is entitled to the [illegible] privileges enjoyed by non-Negro citizens.

American Negroes, or all that I met, look on themselves as the most [illegible] of the world's 300,000,000 Negroes, notwithstanding discrimination. [illegible] apparently do Canadian Negroes who have migrated to the U.S. in such [illegible] that Canada's Negro population has declined from a peak of 21,500 [illegible] about 18,000 today. There has also been a continuous migr[illegible] West Indian Negroes to the U.S. The reason, of course, is that the U.S. [illegible] opportunities that don't exist for them at home.

[illegible] 1960 presidential election platforms of Republicans and Democrats [illegible] references to the rights of minorities, the largest of which [illegible] minority. Many a white is just beginning to realize that the [illegible] ascending political and economic power, and that more than [illegible] of the 180,000,000 people in the United States are colored.

U.S. Negroes, by the latest count, number 19,000,000, which is a million [illegible] than the entire population of Canada. It's estimated that they earn more [illegible] a year, or about $1,100 a head. This $1,100 is little more [illegible] the per capita income for all U.S. groups, which has passed $2,[illegible] more than two thirds of the Canadian per capita income of abo[illegible] reflects the fact that, apart from teachers and clergymen, relatively [illegible] in the professions or in skilled, highly paid occupations. It also [illegible] that while there has been a heavy migration to northern cities [illegible] New York, Chicago and Detroit, two thirds of the Negroes remain in the [illegible] poorer than in other regions and where [illegible] of sharecropper [illegible] removed from the conditions that [illegible] old slave plantations.

[illegible] of the national economy, the $20,000,000,000 that American Negroes [illegible] approximately the value of the U.S. export trade [illegible] Negro per capita income is low by the standards of America and [illegible] as high as the per capita income of Britain and higher than that of the French. It is fifteen times the per capita yearly income in black Haiti, $75, and compares with $84 in black Nigeria, less than $150 in black Ghana, and $400 in the Union of South Africa, where the population of 14,500,000 includes 3,000,000 whites.

In those countries living is cheaper than in the U.S. "But," says Professor Naylor Fitzhugh of Howard University, a noted Negro institution in Washington, D.C., "it certainly isn't cheap enough to offset the difference between U.S. pay and pay, for instance, in Africa." He

CONTINUED ON PAGE 96

HE INCREDIBLE WOMEN F MADISON AVENUE— WHAT IT COSTS O OUT-MAN MEN

ey are under 45, earn over $30,000, and succeed excess. Not despite their sex, but because of it

JUNE CALLWOOD

PHOTOGRAPHS BY MAYNARD FRANK WOLFE

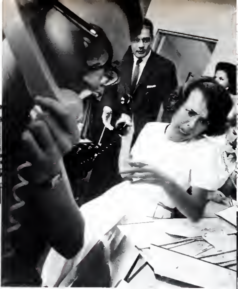
The Madison Avenue Woman — a vision of energy, neuroses and high income — is a development peculiar in history to the postwar period and in geography to a hundred blocks in Manhattan. The species is unknown in Europe, wouldn't be believed in the Far East and has no counterpart even in North America except in diluted form and diminished number in the skyscraper belts of Chicago and Los Angeles.

The new woman ranges in age from thirty to fortyish, in height from five to six feet and in width not at all — each has her skin neatly wrapped around her bones. The class uniform is a narrow sheath dress, impeccably fitted, and the class income averages around thirty-five thousand a year. Many of these women are married to men notably less successful, affluent and talented than they are. In some cases the husbands are employed by their wives. "Here," said one such wife to her secretary, "Give this correspondence to my husband. It's time he did something around here."

The jobs include store president, magazine editor, advertising agency [illegible] president and head of the world's largest model agency, all of which are shapely reflections of a dominant fact in today's merchandising and adver[illegible]

continued next page

Olive Plunkett [illegible] *Batten, Barton, Durstine & Osborn* [illegible] *reigning queen* [illegible] *Madison Avenue. She earns* [illegible] *estimated $50,000* [illegible] *salary by landing the $17,000,000 du Pont Fiber account* [illegible] *she is said to have* [illegible] *the trend in knitted suits from wool to synthetic fibre* [illegible] *no mean importance. "I don't feel strong and successful," she* [illegible] *I seem to thrive on work." She adds bleakly, "You can't change yourself."*



INCREDIBLE WOMEN CONTINUED

living in North America it [illegible] to do the spending.

One woman executive described a high-level policy meeting. "We sit around the boardroom table, ten or twelve men and one woman — me. I keep quiet while they discuss a new idea they're considering. After a while all the heads turn in my direction. 'How about it?' someone asks. 'Will the women buy it?' That's why I'm there: to answer that question."

One way or another, that's the function of most of the Madison Avenue Women. Since it's a multi-million-dollar question, the right answer pays off in brownstone flats filled with antique furniture, vacations in Morocco, exotic acquaintances and tickets to Broadway first nights. One such woman has done so well that she has been able to afford five years of psychoanalysis, five days a week. She is one of the most beautiful and envied women in New York and she hopes eventually to achieve confidence in herself.

Many of these most awesome of women in fact frankly admit they suffer from the same affliction. A [illegible] photographer, who turns away more work than she accepts but still manages to earn more than fifty thousand dollars a year, was so unsure of her ability to mother that she postponed having children until she was in her late thirties. Another, head of one of the richest ad-agency accounts in the world, is too shy to go to a cocktail party.

The Madison Avenue Woman is not to be confused with the Pioneer Executive Woman, a doughty tyrant of a generation or two ago who sharpened her wits and toughened her hide to blaze a trail in some hostile all-male profession. Nor is she the Widow Executive running her husband's business, like the widow in Wichita who took over her husband's thriving aircraft company, or the one in New York recently elected chairman of a major steamship company. (In some cases Widow Executives have living, or existing, husbands.)

The new brand of working woman cannot even be described as the ultimate version of the ubiquitous Career Girl. Career Girls tend to work while husband-hunting; their fondness for their profession gives way

Eileen Ford [illegible] is a 38-year-old dynamo who heads the world's biggest model agency. The tension of her profession, which is sometimes almost intolerable, leaps from these photographs. Her husband, a former football star, works for her. "Jerry is a great help," she says. "He organized our booking system himself and planned the whole office." Running a model agency isn't enough for Eileen Ford: she also does a weekly radio show on beauty hints, writes a monthly column, studies [illegible] ballet and sewing, and picks up languages.

almost every time if the choice must be made to their home-loving instincts. The Madison Avenue Woman, on the other hand, is close to home-hating. Her sense of inadequacy — inability to make close friends, to be loved, even to chat idly with strangers at a party — leaves her to burrow in the comforting world of over-work. Her job becomes her romance, since emotionally she may be close to frigid, and from it she must obtain the food her hungry ego is likely to find.

"They're a new race," commented a New Yorker who knows a dozen of them. "They started working as soon as they got out of school and they'll never stop. Whether they have a husband and children or not, their stake is in their jobs. That's very unusual for a woman, to love her job above all."

McCall's Magazine's beautiful fashion editor, Virginia Steele, an elegant thirty-three-year-old Viking who often spends a thousand dollars a day on models' fees alone, explained somberly: "I'm outgoing in business, but withdrawn socially. I'm not even a good letter writer. I have acquaintances, but they don't become friends. At night I could call some girl I like to come over for dinner but I don't make the effort. Somehow I can't. I tell myself it's because I'm too tired." She shrugged wryly. "Maybe I'm drugging myself with work."

The working capacities of these women are stevedoran. "That's what we've all got in common," observed one of them. "Stamina, energy, good health." Virginia Steele, until her recent

CONTINUED ON PAGE 77

Virginia Steele (right), the 33-year-old fashion editor of McCall's Magazine, often spends $1,000 a day on models' fees alone. Until her recent engagement to a dress manufacturer she seldom packed up the work on her desk before eight thirty in the evening.

Lillian Bassman (below) is a fashion photographer whose ability to take ethereal pictures of lingerie earns her about $50,000 a year. She shares studio space with her husband, a tricky problem because he's a far more successful photographer than she is.

Harriet La Barre (below) is one of the few women ever advanced to a high position in the Hearst publishing organization. She is articles editor of Cosmopolitan, writes for other publications under pseudonyms, and earns an estimated $18,000 a year.

HENRI BENDEL

Geraldine Stutz [illegible], former president of the New York [illegible] of Henri Bendel in 1957 and hasn't had a Saturday off since. She's worth her $40,000 a year from Bendel's. In 1960, for the first

A 7-block alley in Manhattan is hated, envied or idolized around the world. This is the financial centre of the earth: The damned and exalted canyon called

WALL STREET

By Peter C. Newman

TO MOST PEOPLE Wall Street is not so much a place as a metaphor. The crusty Democrat Harold Ickes coined an immortal and damning phrase when he called Wendell Willkie "a simple, barefoot Wall Street lawyer" and no Republican thought it worth while to point out that Willkie's New York offices were actually at 20 Pine Street.

To Democrats, farmers, trade unionists, hard-shell Baptists, Communists, Technocrats and single taxers, Wall Street for nearly a hundred years has been a synonym for hell and damnation. For about the same length of time it has been somewhere close to heaven, motherhood and free enterprise in an Organization Man's list of good words.

So it's something of a shock to find, for example, that 67 Wall Street is in fact the address of nothing more momentous than Estelle's Hosiery Shoppe, that 78 Wall Street is occupied by the Merchants Wine and Liquor Company ("Our new name: *Ye Olde Liquor Merchants Inc.*") and that 115 Wall Street is a rundown gas station.

Wall Street really is an alley of skyscrapers, seven blocks long, on the seaward end of Manhattan Island. It winds a third of a mile gently downhill from lower Broadway's Trinity Church (an Episcopalian landmark where stockbrokers may attend services at eight each weekday morning and Communion at noon) to some stinking and largely derelict docks on the East River.

But the metaphor is real too. Taken together the various functions performed by Wall Street determine the majority of American industry's investment, production and management policies. The greatest stock trading floor in the world, the New York Stock Exchange, is at 11 Wall Street, and its junior competitor, the American Stock Exchange, is just around the corner, dealing in half a billion shares a year of stocks in companies that cannot or will not comply with the stricter listing rules of the Big Board. The two Wall Street stock exchanges handle nine out of ten shares traded in the United States. Nearly fifty billion dollars in stock value changed hands on their floors during 1959. The Street's second most important activity is banking and indeed six of America's largest banks have their headquarters here. One of these, the First National City Bank, has assets of eight billion dollars — half as much as the entire Canadian CONTINUED ON PAGE 68

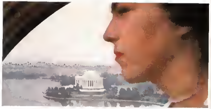
Photograph by Cartier-Bresson

CITIES SERVICE

THE MISJUDGMENT OF AMERICA

By ARNOLD J. TOYNBEE **America has earned the gratitude of the free world, and is being repaid by dislike. From Britain one of the great historians of the English language looks at the reasons, and says the tide will turn if the world — and the United States itself — will come to a realization of America's true strength**

Any Westerner who thinks at all about world affairs must be conscious today of what the West owes to America in our time. Suppose that America had not become a belligerent in each of the two world wars. If she had not, the whole of the Old World, and perhaps even the American hemisphere too, might be under Germany's heel today — and this would have been a calamity for the Germans as well as the rest of us. Again, if America had withdrawn into isolation again after World War II, Russia, by this time, would probably have won the world empire that was not won by Germany because America twice came into the field against her. So the Western peoples owe it to America that they have not, so far, lost their political independence. ★ No doubt, they are not completely independent in their present relations with America. Willy-nilly, they have to follow America's lead; and this means that they have to take the consequences of America's policy, whether they like her policy or dislike it. However, under America's leadership they do at least have much more freedom than they would have today if the victor in the two world wars had been not America but Germany. And they would certainly have much less freedom if, tomorrow, America were to be worsted by Russia in the cold war. ★ It is true that, in the age to which the world has now moved on, national freedom may no longer be a blessing. The sovereignty of local states is, after all, the great obstacle to making an atomically armed world safe for human life; and, if we do nevertheless achieve that, national sovereignty may then prove to be the great obstacle to coping with the world's population problem. However, up till now, national independence has been commonly held to be the political *summum bonum*, and, if it truly is that, then our debt to America is obviously very great, since it is America that has preserved our present substantial measure of independence. ★ But America has not just preserved the Western peoples' national independence; it has done so at the price of imposing on them the relatively light yoke of the American empire. This really is an empire, though Americans wince at the word. But they can take pride in having inaugurated a new kind of imperialism, which compares favorably with the old. America has been the first imperial power to pay, and pay generously, for her empire, instead of exacting tribute from it. The British used to pride themselves on not taking tribute from their empire; but it used also to be one of the principles of British imperial finance that each part of the British Empire must pay its own way. None of them must be a charge on the budget of the United Kingdom. Today Britain, and France too, is paying through the nose for the privilege of still having the remnant of an empire, and we shall be paying more and more heavily till the last of our dependencies has become fully self-governing. The peoples still under colonial CONTINUED ON PAGE 64



A YOUNG CANADIENNE DISCOVERS WASHINGTON

They're the same domes and monuments: the wonder is in the eye of a schoolgirl from Quebec

Seven million travelers visit the capital of the United States every year. Some of them, the lucky ones, arrive without axes to grind or favors to ask, and for them Washington can be not merely "the capital of the world" but a delightful blend of grandeur and frivolity. This summer the marble and granite came to life this way for an eighteen-year-old Quebec City schoolgirl named Lise Gravel. Lise and Kate Schneiders, an English-speaking girl from Ontario, have been exchanging *lettres interprovinciales* for a couple of years. Last spring Kate's family moved to Washington, and Lise's trip became a *visite internationale*. She was delighted with almost everything, but she was captivated by the imposing Lincoln Memorial. She saw it first from a helicopter which she and Kate chartered for ten minutes for twelve dollars — the most they were able to spend on any single adventure. Then they looked inside, and the youngster from Quebec found the statue of Abraham Lincoln so overpowering that she was close to tears. From an entrance to the Lincoln Memorial, Lise and Kate spent a long and thoughtful moment gazing across a pond to the 555-foot obelisk of the Washington Monument. Washingtonians, convinced that this monument does justice to neither the man nor the city, talk sometimes of launching it into orbit. Before there were guided missiles there were Washingtonians who noted its resemblance to a factory chimney. But in Washington it suffers from comparison with more inspiring monuments. Lise, sympathizing with another outsider perhaps, rather liked it. Later she rode to the top in an elevator. That ride, because she is under nineteen, was free. Her favorite tour was free too — the National Gallery, where she and Kate walked between rows of magnificent paintings from El Greco to Picasso. Lise spent twenty-five cents on a Lectour, a radio device she held to her ear, and heard a recorded description of the paintings.

Lise also saw Washington from the back of a mule. There's an old canal, the Chesapeake and Ohio, used these days only by a mule-drawn barge that takes tourists on sightseeing expeditions. The seats were all filled the afternoon Kate and Lise wanted to ride on the barge, but a friendly mule driver let them go along the towpath by muleback. Another waterside was the scene of one of their most pleasant evenings — and a regular Washington event. From a stage on a much bigger barge, moored in the Potomac River, the bands of the army, navy, air force and marines played Tchaikovsky's 1812 Overture, with the artillery turned out along the shore to provide the cannon fire called for in the score. With fountains, monuments, pillars and domes all brightly illuminated, Lise wondered aloud that evening how any city in the world could be lovelier than the capital of America.

Birds are everywhere in Washington. Prepared by their visit to the National Gallery, Kate and Lise joined the thousands of amateurs who go to Lafayette Square to sketch the White House. They soon abandoned their art. The pigeons, which flocked to sit on the girls' hands and shoulders and even the backs of their heads, were more fun. So too were the red, blue and yellow macaws that flutter around the tropical gardens in the House of the Americas, the headquarters of the Organization of American States.

Lise's most unfavorable impression of Washington was of the humid heat — freshly laundered dresses were wilted by evening. The District of Columbia, though not generally thought of as southern, is sandwiched between two southern states, Virginia and Maryland. But even the climate has some advantages: a profusion of flowering trees and shrubs and a pleasantly scented summer air. The city was laid out in 1800 in a virtual swamp by George Washington, surveyor, soldier and statesman, and his French friend Charles L'Enfant, artist, architect and engineer. They dreamed that a North American version of Rome or Paris or London would rise out the muddy flats by the Potomac. It has, and Lise's most favorable impression of Washington was of the citizens' rich sense of history and pride in their nation's achievements and honors. Lise had her own opportunity for a little chauvinistic pride when she and Kate visited the stately Canadian embassy and were welcomed [illegible] R. A. [illegible] ★

McKENZIE PORTER ON FADS: THE FROTH ON THE FACE OF AMERICA

Last year it was jamming college boys into phone booths. This year it's trampoline parks. Next it's going to be bed-racing and after that it's anybody's guess. Here, at last, is a reliable guide to the absolutely unnecessary things Americans will buy or do – as long as everybody else in the country is hooked too

PHOTOGRAPHY BY JOHN SEBERT

One day last spring, William R. Hutton, a New York public-relations man, joined many of his kind in a little bar off Madison Avenue. He ordered a Monkey's Blood. The barman had heard of the Bloody Mary, the Bullshot, the Moscow Mule and many other cocktails that have enraptured New York tipplers for a time and then have lost their spell, But a Monkey's Blood was new to him.

Hutton explained that it consists of equal parts of Dubonnet, a French apéritif, and Campari, an Italian apéritif, served on the rocks. The barman mixed it, and as Hutton knocked it back he noticed with satisfaction that the other customers were watching him curiously. Every day for a month Hutton ordered Monkey's Blood in various hangouts of publicity men, and each time he saw the other potwallopers prick up their ears. By the end of the summer Monkey's Blood was a minor rage in New York bars.

"Actually," says Hutton, "I didn't like Monkey's Blood very much. I invented it on the spur of the moment and drank it as an experiment. I just wanted to prove that in the United States you can sell anything." There was more than a dash of wishful thinking in Hutton's boast. His company is one of many along Madison Avenue that are responsible for starting and (for a time) sustaining the fads and crazes that periodically sweep the United States. Their myriad ideas include failures as well as successes—like the attempt last year to promote a fad for wearing personal metal initials on men's shoes, or such flops in women's wear as the sack dress. Others, in their own time, have scored a massive success without any recorded aid from press agents. Probably the outstanding example was the craze for miniature golf that swept North America, and briefly infected other continents, about thirty years ago. Then there are the unexpected runaway hits, like the Davy Crockett coon caps of the middle 1950s, which are started by professional fad-starters but take their own creators by surprise.

More commonly, though, the sequence is the other way round. A more or less zany idea, more or less spontaneously begun, gets a more or less spontaneous local fame, then catches the eye of a promoter who builds it into a national obsession. The perfect textbook example is something called the trampoline park.

A trampoline is a resilient, spring-mounted nylon mat. It is capable of propelling an expert tumbler to a height of twenty feet and giving him the opportunity to execute in mid-air such standard stunts as the Tuck Bounce, the Knee Somersault, the Turntable, the Doggy Drop, the Swivel Hips, the Flatback, and the Falling Corpse.

Operating under such billboards as Jumpin-Gymmy, Leap-For-Joy, Jump-A-Rama, Bounce-A-Torium and Jump-O-Lino, these parks have permitted millions of Americans, during the past two years, to resume the childhood pleasure of trying to bust the bed springs.

George Nissen of Cedar Rapids, Iowa, claims to have invented the trampoline in 1935. In his prototype he used parts of an old bedstead. Later he made more glamorous models that he sold to circus and vaudeville artists. After the last war Nissen began to sell trampolines to high-school and YMCA gymnasiums. Two years ago, he sold a dozen top-price trampolines for nine hundred dollars each to a Los Angeles man who erected them in a park and charged visitors forty cents for half an hour of bouncing. The idea caught on. Last August there were about five thousand trampoline parks in the United States and new ones were opening at the rate of a hundred a week. Before the summer was over, close to twenty were operating in Canada. Nissen's Cedar Rapids factory began working three shifts daily, seven days a week, to keep up with demand.

Nissen owes some of his spectacular financial success to John Weil, a dapper young public-relations man who works along Madison Avenue and, like most of his colleagues these days, restrains his speech to a low murmur. During a visit to the first Los Angeles trampoline park, Weil hit upon the idea of giving a kangaroo a chance on the mat. He then whispered a few words in the ear of an agency photographer. Pictures of the kangaroo bouncing ecstatically were printed by several hundred U.S. newspapers. In an undertone, Weil told me: "From that moment the popularity of the trampoline park spread like a gasoline fire." Within a few weeks Weil got his boss, Nissen, on the Jack Paar show. After that, Nissen bought himself a private aircraft.

Weil has persuaded the Amateur Athletic Union and the National Collegiate Athletic Association to recognize trampoline bouncing as a sport and to give it the official name of Rebound Tumbling. He organized a contest in which Larry Snyder, a Cedar Rapids neighbor of Nissen's, was proclaimed U.S. Rebound Tumbling Champion. And Weil's friend Judy Carroll, a New York actress, holds the title of Miss Rebound Tumbling for 1960.

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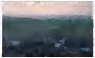
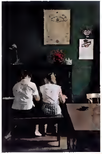
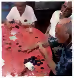


IN THE MIDST OF CHANGE, A CHANGELESS AMERICA

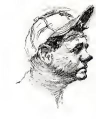
A surprising pictorial report on Middletown, U.S.A.

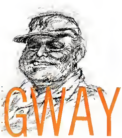


Flora, Illinois, population 5,286, a farm town with a little light industry, is the geometrical bullseye of a map of the United States. It is Middletown, U.S.A. This is the imaginary town that Sinclair Lewis and Thornton Wilder and many other American writers have drawn in savage books like Main Street or gentle plays like Our Town. Now a brilliant young photographer, Wayne Miller, who was Edward Steichen's assistant in shooting The Family of Man, has gone to the real Middletown in Illinois and brought back a record that is true to life. The resemblances between Miller's documentary and the gentler fictional pictures of Middletown are astonishing. The photographs flatly contradict the usual journalists' view of an America one jump ahead of the bulldozers, changing so fast that the present is only a blur in the eye of the future. The horses on the facing page, pulling a mudboat sleigh under a three-ton load, could have dragged the ridgepole for the first barn raised in Flora, and who is to say that of the four girls making angels, the bright blonde isn't Becky Thatcher? The bull sessions above are at Honest John Throgmorton's drugstore instead of the barber shop these days, but the bull sounds the same, the white paint on the veranda rails looks as clean, and the piano lessons last as long as they always did.

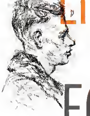


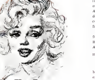
Some things don't change at all. The hickory poles, the worms, the lake and the lurking catfish in and out of the picture on the facing page are as timeless as a boy's itch to put on a straw hat and go fishing. True, when the local politicians talk it up to a rally at the bandstand out beside the lake they are hooked into a loudspeaker system ↗. But as long as there is some singing and horseplay and maybe some corn as well as oratory to roast, a rally feels much the same as it always did. So does a summer evening at the fair, although the midway is brighter and the girls' legs barer than they once were ↗. Honest John Thragmorton, his drugstore shuttered for the night, rakes in a pot at the Wabash Club's poker table with a timeless sweep of the wrist, and although there are caddy carts, power mowers and go karts in Flora as there are everywhere else in the U.S.A., there are raccoons behind the golf course, dandelions in the grass, and Huck Finn in the hearts of the go-kart drivers. The bale tumbles out of the barnloft, turns end over end, and falls among hogs oblivious to satellites or status ↗. Flora, Illinois, is not America, but it is a part of America that goes a long way back.





RUTH HEMINGWAY LINDBERGH MONROE FOUR AMERICAN HEROES





Lindbergh was the sixty-seventh man to fly the Atlantic. Ruth ended as a castoff. Miss Monroe is OK with women. Hemingway was hailed by men who couldn't read. This is how and why America made them heroes

By Barbara Moon

DRAWINGS BY LEWIS PARKER

THE U.S. IS A NATION of natural-born hero-makers. In Chicago people used to cheer Al Capone when he and his eighteen bodyguards appeared in public. In Hollywood one of Rudolph Valentino's old shirts is still preserved in a gold-embroidered casket in a shrine. In northern Minnesota men grow beards once a year, put on red shirts and march in parades carrying huge saws, axes and jugs of whisky to honor Paul Bunyan, the legendary lumberjack. In Washington, on quiet evenings, people slip up to the great statue in the Lincoln Memorial and kneel, their lips moving.

It is easy to find this alarming. So many of the heroes seem people of trivial talent or vulgar achievement or dangerous import. Valentino was a powdered pimp. And the worst excesses of adulation are, to say the least, unsavory.

But the American people have their own safeguards. They are fickle, for one thing: only ten months after her Channel swim and the hysterical welcome of her homecoming, Gertrude Ederle was doing two-a-day on a small-town vaudeville circuit, almost forgotten.

Americans are also ruthlessly practical. A hero must stick to the hero business and not go poking his nose into other affairs. Frankie Sinatra is a doubtful vote-getter for the Democratic party. And when Ira Hamilton Hayes — the Pima Indian who was one of six marines photographed in the famous Iwo Jima flag-raising scene — tried to use his prestige as war hero to help his people, he was simply ignored.

Finally, Americans always hang on to their franchise. Given a new situation or new information they are quite ready to reappraise a General Patton, a Charles Lindbergh or even an Eisenhower. Because of this — and because American knees are not supple — they do not irrevocably deify any man until he is dead and they think all the evidence is in. The only real U.S. demigods are their forefathers, the founders of their country.

But the temporary heroes of a nation, and even the frivolous ones, are always a clue to its culture and values. Here — an arbitrary selection — are four heroes that the American people have chosen to worship in this century.

A would-be hero could do worse than study Babe Ruth.

In the first place, George Herman Ruth got himself into baseball, a team game that stresses youth, speed, vigor and opportunities quickly seized, all of which Americans admire. Since the American public cares about baseball it was bound to be looking when Ruth got out on the field and did well.

In the second place, Ruth came at the psychological moment. In 1919, while he was serving his major-league apprenticeship with the Boston Red Sox, the manager switched him from pitching to fielding so he could come to bat more often. In 1920 the Boston Red Sox sold Ruth to the New York Yankees for $125,000 plus a $300,000 personal loan to the Red Sox owner. And in 1920 it was established for certain that the 1919 World Series had been crooked: eight Chicago White Sox players had conspired to throw victory to the Cincinnati Reds. The so-called Black Sox Scandal threatened the whole game's prestige and experts wondered out loud if its popularity would also suffer. In the midst of this conflict, drama and suspense, Ruth was a cinch to be hailed as the game's savior.

Because he did the right thing. Even before the scandal Americans had been clamoring for more action in sports — more home runs, quicker knockouts, a faster golf ball, more touchdowns. That first year for

CONTINUED ON PAGE 42

AN AMERICAN'S LAST WORD

"If I were a red-blooded Canadian and could think of a way of fighting off Madison Avenue and Hollywood without damaging the liberties of my countrymen I would get about the work immediately. But I doubt if there is a satisfactory way, and meanwhile I perceive the danger of an escape from frustration through smugness"

A different view of the Americanization of Canada, by a distinguished American reporter, RICHARD H. ROVERE

Canada and the United States are adjoining democracies with mixed but predominantly capitalist economies. Both are egalitarian and both are well on their way to becoming welfare states. In both the common man is held in the very highest esteem — in part because he has so many votes and so much purchasing power, and in part because Christian ethics, honored in the observance as well as in the breach, favor him greatly. Both countries have sought, and come very close to achieving, universal literacy. Both are, in short, mass societies — matrices of mass culture. They are also members of the North Atlantic community, elements in a civilization that has lately placed considerable trust and reliance in the North Atlantic Treaty Organization, which may or may not merit the contributions made by individual states. Canada and the United States differ from the European members of this community in a number of ways, the most important of them being, perhaps, their lack of any powerful institutions, apart from Christianity, that were formed in pre-capitalist, pre-democratic times. Canada is a member of the British Commonwealth of Nations and no doubt draws great strength and satisfaction from this association, but it has, as a society, far less in common with any other member of the Commonwealth than it has with the United States. By and large, the regional differences within the United States and Canada are more striking than any difference between the societies as a whole.

Generally speaking, the most significant differences between the two countries are quantitative. The United States has roughly ten times Canada's population and is, alongside Canada, an overwhelming unit of production and consumption. Its numbers, its natural abundance, and its degree of industrial development have combined to make it, for the time being anyway, a mighty power in the world. To be sure, wealth and power are not purely quantitative distinctions; by their very being, they alter the nature of a good many things, and there are present differences in national interest and national outlook that deeply affect attitudes and the quality of life in both countries. Nevertheless, as such things go in this world, Canada and the United States are extraordinarily similar in economic and political structure, social organization, and culture.

All this seems to me clear beyond any reasonable dispute by reasonable Canadians or Americans, and I set it down at the beginning because I find that it determines my responses to almost all questions about Canadian-American relationships. I am not sure that it plays the part it should in determining Canadian responses, for I sense in much of what I have lately heard and read from the Canadian side the assumption that Canadian sovereignty is, or ought to be, the overriding value in Canadian life, and that it can be exercised to create an independence that does not now exist. I think it would be a fine thing if the mere exercise of sovereignty could produce the independence and the cultural de-homogenization that Canadians want, and I suppose that within limits it can, but what I have found troublesome in the Canadian attitude is a tendency toward self-deception about the nature of the two societies — a tendency to elevate rather trivial differences into broad distinctions.

Let me get at this by stating an American point of view — or at least this American's point of view — on a question that is frequently raised. Isn't it, one is asked, a pity that some of the sleaziest products of American mass culture now flood the Canadian market? I should say that it most certainly is and that it is equally a pity that they flood the American market. As an American, I am unmoved by the fact that the stuff crosses the northern border — though I suppose if I lived north of the border I would look at the matter a bit differently and hope to find a way of using sovereignty as a defense. But what seems to me ought to be crucial from either point of view is the fact that our societies provide a common market for mass culture — or, to put it another way, that Canadian and American education provide inadequate defenses.

What would happen in Canada if full sovereignty were invoked and the southern border were sealed tight against American mass culture — if the airwaves were jammed, if all our comic books were embargoed, if only the purest and most uplifting of American cultural commodities were allowed entry? Native industries would take over, obviously. Cut off from American junk, Canada would have to produce her own. Canadian fabricators might, at the start, anyway, be somewhat less efficient than the American ones; they might, for a time, cater to somewhat higher tastes, and the profits, in any case, would remain in Canada, where they would be available for reinvestment in the further development and expansion of domestic mass culture.

For it is mass society, and not *American* mass society, that is at the root of this particular trouble. Mass literacy and mass leisure have created a massive demand for the goods and services that can be enjoyed by the literate and the leisured. In a free society, there can be few restraints on those entrepreneurs who are attracted to providing the supply to satisfy this demand; in a capitalist society, profit is certain to be the leading motive of the

CONTINUED ON PAGE 38

Creativity in the kitchen
rewards you at your table

Your family smiles approval ... and you know the meal is a success! The careful selection of ingredients, the preparation, the thought that went into it were all worthwhile.

That's the way our research people feel when they develop a new product or manufacturing process. It often takes months of painstaking work—measuring and blending different ingredients, testing at extreme temperatures—before they're satisfied with the results. This kind of skill and care in our kitchen enables us to live up to the "CP" mark—Canada Packers' pledge of finest quality—so that you and your family can enjoy "good things to eat."

It takes no time at all to create an elegant air about every one of your meals. Serve delicious Maple Leaf bacon and pork sausage in your best silver dish. Bring sausage and eggs to the table Continental style—in the skillet. And just to be different, put Maple Leaf bacon strips and a poached egg on toast, top with a sauce of Maple Leaf cheese, and voilà—Eggs à la Benedict!

GOOD
THINGS
TO EAT
COME IN
Bacon
PACKAGES

CANADA PACKERS
PLEDGE OF FINEST QUALITY

All delicious! All by Maple Leaf! Sweet-smoked bacon, pure pork sausage, farm-fresh eggs

Maclean's Movies

RATED BY CLYDE GILMOUR

BEST BET

SUNRISE AT CAMPOBELLO: Franklin D. Roosevelt's valiant, cheerful battle against polio and despair at his summer home in New Brunswick in the early 1920s has been turned into a strong and entertaining film, based on Dore Schary's Broadway hit. Ralph Bellamy repeats his stage success in the FDR role, and an unglamorized Greer Garson is unexpectedly effective as the young, shy Eleanor Roosevelt. Hume Cronyn, however, almost steals the show with his acute portrayal of the sour-faced, soft-hearted Louis Howe, who staunchly prodded and supported the future President of the United States.

FAST AND SEXY: The dubbed English dialogue does little if anything to improve this heavy, low Italian comedy starring Gina Lollobrigida as a widow from Brooklyn who stirs up the menfolk in her native village. Hollywood's Dale Robertson, as a taciturn blacksmith, is her implausible Romeo.

NUDE IN A WHITE CAR: Another specimen of trash from Europe, equipped with English soundtrack and a teasing title. A French film, it tells of a jobless he-man (Robert Hossein) who becomes steamily involved with a pair of mystifying sisters (Marina Vlady, Odile Versois).

SEVEN WAYS FROM SUNDOWN: A fair-enough western in which the audience's sympathy is divided between the pursuer (Audie Murphy, as a Texas Ranger) and the pursued (Barry Sullivan, as a gay and humorous outlaw). The hero's name, because of a parental whimsy, is Seven Ways From Sundown Jones — a circumstance that fortunately is not dwelt on at any length in the story.

SONG WITHOUT END: The life and loves of Franz Liszt are plushly unfolded in this big-budget biographical romance made in Europe by Americans, with England's bland-looking Dirk Bogarde as the dashing pianist-composer. The actor's fingerwork at the keyboard strikingly coincides with Jorge Bolet's fiery pre-recorded passion. Most of the venerable Hollywood clichés about the night thoughts of musical geniuses are doggedly repeated, and some of the concert-hall excerpts are annoyingly brief. On the whole, though, it's an item worth seeing and hearing.

STUDS LONIGAN: Written in the 1930s, James T. Farrell's anguished tales about the growing-up of a slum youth in Chicago have been filmed at last — with disappointing results. The picture is oddly fumbling and disconnected, with an embarrassingly amateurish performance by newcomer Christopher Knight in the title role.

GILMOUR'S GUIDE TO THE CURRENT CROP

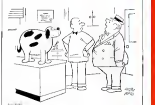
The Apartment: Romantic comedy-drama. Excellent.
Bells Are Ringing: Comedy. Good.
Cage of Evil: Crime drama. Fair.
College Confidential: Drama. Poor.
The Dark at the Top of the Stairs: 1920s domestic drama. Good.
Doctor in Love: Comedy. Fair.
Elmer Gantry: Comedy-drama. Excellent.
The Fugitive Kind: Drama. Good.
A Generation: Polish drama. Good.
Hell to Eternity: War drama. Fair.
Hiroshima, Mon Amour: French adult drama. Good.
House of Usher: Horror. Good.
Inherit the Wind: Courtroom drama. Good.
It Started in Naples: Comedy. Fair.
Jungle Cat: Wildlife comedy. Good.
League of Gentlemen: Comedy thriller about perfect crime. Good.
Let's Make Love: Comedy. Good.
Light Up the Sky: War comedy. Poor.
The Lost World: Science fiction. Fair.
Murder Inc.: Gangster drama. Good.
Never Let Go: Crime drama. Fair.
The Night Fighters: Irish drama. Fair.
Ocean's Eleven: Comedy-drama. Fair.
One Foot in Hell: Western. Fair.
Please Turn Over: Comedy. Fair.
Pollyanna: Comedy-drama. Good.
Psycho: Hitchcock horror. Good.
The Rat Race: Comedy-drama. Good.
Raymie: Juvenile adventure. Fair.
Royal Ballet: Dance documentary. Good.
School for Scoundrels: Comedy. Good.
Serious Charge: Adult drama. Good.
Strangers When We Meet: Drama. Fair.
The Subterraneans: "Beat" drama. Poor.
Swan Lake: Russian ballet. Good.
The Time Machine: Science fiction. Fair.
Two-Way Stretch: Comedy. Excellent.
Walk Like a Dragon: Western. Fair.
Wild River: Romantic drama. Good.

An American's last word

Continued from page 36

supplies. The United States, of course, has pioneered in the development of the mass culture that is spreading not only over North America but over several other continents, and I should not for a moment deny that a good deal of it bears certain distinguishing marks of the American environment. Hollywood and Madison Avenue are as American as apple pie and Richard M. Nixon. I am not altogether sure that this is to be regretted. I suspect it is a fortunate circumstance that a democracy rather than a totalitarian mass society gained the lead in this particular field of endeavor. Nor for that matter can I say that I regret the growth of mass society itself, for the alternatives to dedication to the common man—to the literacy that makes him desire the products of mass culture and to the prosperity that makes him able to gratify the desire — seem to me unacceptable. I can see no escape for the modern humanistic mind from the proposition that men, even though they are manifestly not created equal, should be treated by one another as though a kind of basic equality were a fact. I find a polity based on the compassionate fiction of human equality better to live with and to defend with a good conscience than one based on a cynical acceptance of the truth of inequality.

None of this makes mass culture any lovelier than it is, and against it Canadians may assert the claims of nationhood. They can insist that they are at least entitled to their own tastes, however little those may differ from those of my own countrymen. Independence does exist to be used, and surely there is nothing to be lost in an attempt to use it as a defense against cultural homogenization. If I were a red-blooded Canadian nationalist I'd think of a way of fighting off Madison Avenue and Hollywood without damaging the liberties of my countrymen I would get about the work immediately. But I doubt if there is a satisfactory way, and meanwhile I perceive the danger of an escape from frustration through smugness. On a recent visit to Canada — which began with a fairly thorough briefing on the present state of Canadian-American relationships — I sought enlightenment on the values and institutions that could be defended by independence and that were worth defending. Granted that what you get from us is appalling, I said, what have you got to counter with? What is there in Canadian life today that would be saved by a successful defense against American mass culture? I cannot report that I got any spirited or inspiring answers. The Canadian Broadcasting Corporation was, I think, the institution most often cited. Now I think there are very few Americans who know anything about the CBC who are not envious of Canada for having it. Most of us wish that we had something of the sort (or rather, wish that it were possible to have something of the sort, for we know that some of the basic conditions for the existence of such an enterprise simply do not exist in the United States) and most of us are eager to have it continue to flourish in Canada, where it may have some small influence on American standards and values. But the CBC represents at most an intelligent means for dealing with one aspect of the communications revolution. It has avoided the worst pitfalls of the medium, and it has done some admirable things (as has American television, but not as consistently and always with the need for being not only admirable but commercially salable and sound). Even so, the CBC hardly seems to me to stand up as a clear bastion of a national culture.



"His appetite? Oh, I'd say it was about normal."

Whisky history is made...

Seagram's
New Brand
Rated Best

In test after test after test
Canadians liked the taste of
Seagram's FIVE STAR SPECIAL best

Before introducing FIVE STAR SPECIAL, Canadians were asked to test* this new brand against the three most popular brands in its price class. These studies included more than a thousand rigidly supervised individual taste tests conducted under conditions where the identity of each whisky tasted was hidden. In all tests the same three leading brands competitive with FIVE STAR SPECIAL were used.

From East to West, the conclusion was the same; a significant majority preferred FIVE STAR SPECIAL over the leading brands in its class. In all parts of the country, the predominant fact emerged that a large number of Canadians have been waiting for a more pleasant-tasting, smoother whisky like FIVE STAR SPECIAL.

In test after test after test, FIVE STAR SPECIAL proved to be the best tasting, most satisfying whisky in its price field. Next time out, try Seagram's great new rye whisky with the Five Stars on the bottle. See if you don't agree with the verdict of thousands of other Canadians—that here is a history-making whisky: a better-tasting, genuinely fine whisky at a popular price.

FINER TASTE IS A SEAGRAM TRADITION

*Tested under the official supervision of a Leading Research Organization.

Seagram's
FIVE STAR SPECIAL
CANADIAN RYE WHISKY
JOSEPH E. SEAGRAM & SONS LIMITED
WATERLOO, ONTARIO, CANADA

"WE LIVE IN A
MODERN APARTMENT...
OUR SPODE
BLENDS IN PERFECTLY!"

Elizabeth Bent Clive

[illegible]

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MAKES A GOOD MEAL MUCH BETTER

Belongs
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table and
in your
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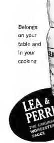


LEA & PERRINS
THE ORIGINAL WORCESTERSHIRE SAUCE

"Not all the hideousness I saw beside the highway was made in the U.S.A."

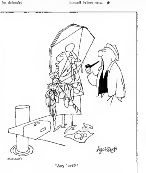
I was rather strengthened in this general view when I sought to take a small measure of Canadian pop culture in the brief time I had at my disposal. I had spent an evening in Toronto listening to some eloquent Canadian intellectuals describe the impact of the alien culture in terms that were far from alien to me — since after all my friends and I in New York use these terms ourselves to describe the impact of the domestic culture. But I thought to myself as on the following bright day I drove my Hertz Drive Yourself Chevrolet east of Toronto along Highway 2: surely the fact that American culture is technically alien takes some of the curse off what one is tempted to put down as self-pity. That is to say, the Canadians have a right to self-pity. From time to time, though, I was torn from my reflections and recollections by my desire not to be killed on the highway and by my curiosity about my surroundings. And as my attention was drawn by the attention-getting devices along that far from lonesome road, as I took in the garish squalor of my surroundings, I felt a weakening of sympathy. Not all the hideousness was made in the U.S.A. Surely the Canadians have enough independence to refuse to do to their countryside what we have done to ours. These awful motels were not jammed down their throats. They could have fought off the neon wilderness. This desecration was of the people, by the people, for the people. It was Canadian. At some point I thought of the CBC. My car had a radio and drifting as I could with the magic pole on the right-hand dial fish in something authentic and agreeable I came on that splendid public enterprise. The CBC came in clear and strong. I was told that I was about to be entertained by a sweet singer from I think Winnipeg named I think Stuart Davis. Maneuvering in self-defense as I was, my mind on three children in Dutchess County, New York, who would find themselves working in the apple orchards if that Trinidad trailer-truck got the better of me, I was unable to reach for pad and pencil and take notes on Mr. Davis' specialties. But I gathered that he was some sort of Canadian folk singer and that his repertoire was Western. Now I thought the CBC is about to bring me something truly Canadian. Stuart Davis (the name is the same as that of one of the finest of American non-objective painters) will at once soothe and lift my spirits with music fashioned not by hands on Tin Pan Alley but by people who have had to soothe and lift their own spirits in the Canadian prairies and mountains. I was not expecting genius. I was hoping for a touch of humanity to remove at least part of me from the stink and the cynicism all about me.

Well, what I got was something terribly familiar—melancholy crooning about the Red River Valley, about the Rio Grande, about the Belle of old New Orleans. Talk about derivativeness — it could hardly have been worse. And the level was seldom raised on the whole trip to Kingston — or for that matter later when I reached my motel and spent an evening with Canadian television and Canadian rye. (I need not say which of the two I enjoyed more.) I would not wish it thought that I lacked appreciation of the public spirit of the CBC. If time and space permitted I might say a few words about the handling of the news and about the sparing of commercials — but all of us must all know about those things. It was not only Stuart Davis (in fairness, I ought to say that this chap was probably several cuts above his counterparts in my country and that he could hardly be blamed for what I took to be his lack of indigenous material) but several other programs ranging in the degree of stupidity from lowbrow to middlebrow that gave me further misgivings about how much there was to be saved by the most militant assertion of Canadian sovereignty.

I fear that I may seem to have overstated my case and that in the form my wish, which is merely to suggest that Canadian sovereignty has a narrower field in which to operate than many Canadians seem to realize. Nor do I wish it to be assumed that I regard the case against American mass culture as the only case of any validity that Canada has. I think I can understand and share the annoyance that Canadians feel about the intrusions of American business interests. It is again similar to the annoyance that many of us Americans feel when we see the large gobbling up the small and giants over it—and in our grievance, which is perhaps more urgent since the case of the large against the small is sometimes quite impressive, we cannot be fortified by nationalism. In our case it happens under one flag—in Canada's under two. And it is easier still to understand and share Canadian uneasiness about U.S. foreign policy. I have addressed myself to the questions that relate to mass culture because these seem to me central to the problem of Canadian-American relationships. The values of a nation are embodied — as that fine Canadian writer Hugh MacLennan has pointed out — in its songs and myths and folkways, and it is in these that independence should first of all be defended.

For the rest, I should say that Americans in general would welcome the maximum assertions of Canadian sovereignty. Does Canada feel that she may be strangled by American commerce and industry? If so, she should use all the resources of her political sovereignty to avoid this awful fate. If there is a conflict between material well-being and independence, let the conflict be resolved by Canadians. Does Canada feel herself oppressed by American foreign and military policy? If that is so, then I as an American should say that Canada should take whatever steps seem necessary for relief. Canada is truly supreme in determining its national interest, and there are no responsible Americans who would bring themselves to say that they know better than Canadians wherein the Canadian national interest lies. Those who pretend to such knowledge may be safely ignored.

The one thing an American can say is that geography and history have blessed or cursed our peoples by mingling our lots. We live on one continent, we are terribly alike, we seem to be headed in the same direction. As things have fallen out it seems to be good for both of us that we are under different flags. I for one would like the differences to be more numerous than they are; it is oppressive to cross a border and feel so much at home. Yet this has its reassuring side. For better or worse we are both engaged in experiments with mass society, and for the moment the results seem discouraging on both sides of the border. We stand together in misery. But if one believes, as I do, that the alternative to democratic mass society is totalitarian mass society, we stand together in the hope that man will justify himself before man. ★



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Never before television sets as fine as these — not even from RCA Victor! Here are the ten most modern advances in television performance, styling and dependability. And only RCA Victor gives you *all ten!* They're shown here — use them to guide you to the 1961 TV of your choice at your RCA Victor dealer's.

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Look –
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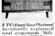

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Four American heroes

continued from page 35

From the beginning, baseball fans had no difficulty remembering the Babe. He was the one with appetite

the Yankees Ruth hit fifty-four home runs. In 1921 he hit fifty nine.

He hit them with prodigious strength. Once, in an exhibition game with the Dodgers in Knoxville, Tenn., he drove one over the centre field fence into an ancient oak four hundred and fifty feet from home plate. Pickaninnies dropped out of the tree like September apples in a gale. In 1926, during an American League game in Detroit, the ball left the park, bounced off the roof of an automobile estimated to be five hundred feet from the plate, kept on going and was never found. Earlier, in 1919, Ruth had set an unofficial record with a homer at Tampa, Fla., that had a measured flight of five hundred and eight feet. Even when Ruth fanned, often sprawling in the dirt, it was somehow reassuring: an athlete who'd sold out to anyone would try that hard.

There was also something prodigious—heroic in fact—in the way Ruth could rise to an occasion. The day he married for the second time (his first wife, a Nova Scotian girl, had died in a fire) he hit the first pitch, his first time at bat, over the left-field fence and trotted round the bases tipping his cap to his bride. Once, in Fort Wayne, Ind., he came to bat in the ninth inning with the tying and winning runs on the bases and two out. With three balls and two strikes against him he paused and called to the crowd, "You can all go home now." Then he hit the next pitch out of the park. He even rose to the occasion in 1942 when he was forty-seven and all washed up as a baseball player. Asked by the Yankees to put on a hitting exhibition for a crowd of 70,000 before a benefit game, he swung at twenty pitches in a row without really connecting. Then, just as he was visibly played out, he swung from the heels at the twenty-first pitch and sent it into the third tier of the grandstand.

Besides a ready-made arena, a well timed entrance and an appealing specialty, it helps a hero to have a high degree of visibility.

From the beginning baseball fans had no difficulty remembering which one Babe Ruth was. He was the huge bulky man with the fat boy's face and the thin shapely legs. He was the one in the camel's hair coat and the camel's hair cap, with the cigar jammed in his mouth. He was the one with the hotdog in his fist, the bottle of pop, the package of bicarbonate of soda, the red Stutz Bearcat. Ruth once said, "People can never forget this ugly pan of mine." That was fine. Americans like modesty in a hero.

His behavior was also pretty memorable. He played in the major leagues from 1914 to 1935 and at least the first fifteen of those twenty-two years were Rabelaisian. He ate hotdogs by the half dozen, drank bourbon by the fifth and kissed half a dozen girls goodbye every time he boarded a train. When the Yankees went barnstorming he scorned their regular hotel accommodation and hired $100-a-day suites.

He wore $30 silk shirts from Sulka's and one time in St. Louis, because he couldn't be bothered packing soiled laundry, he left half a dozen for the chambermaid. He bought as many as three red cars a year. One time in Boston he saw a crimson Marmon in a showroom, bought it on the spot and drove it away. Ten miles out of town he cracked it up. When he had crawled out of the wreckage he called a cab, drove to New York, proceeded to the nearest Marmon agency, bought a duplicate of the first car and drove it away.

His disregard for money was monumental. He used to tear up his mail without reading it and the Yankee trainer, in sorting out the debris, once pieced together cheques worth more than $6,000 sent in payment for various endorsements and rights. One cheque for an endorsement that Ruth *did* open was for $15,000. Instead of cashing it Ruth kept it as the basis for a gag: he took friends to dinner and, when the bill came, offered the cheque in payment, saying it was the only money he had with him. Since no restaurant ever had enough cash on hand to honor it the friends would pay for the meal. Ruth worked the gag so often that the cheque wore thin. Then, when he finally decided to cash it, he found the maker had gone out of business. "Well, I've had $15,000 worth of fun out of it," said Ruth and tore it up.

The extravagance was all right. Americans don't like to hear that their heroes are stingy—or mincing.

Ruth was crude, profane, undisciplined and exuberant. After his annual winter party for the press and photographers he'd collect all the spent flashbulbs and dash them to the street from his penthouse like stinkbombs. In the daytime if he was bored he'd push cakes of soap into the street-level fountain in order to splash passersby.

He once stood up Queen Marie of Romania, to whom he was to be presented, and when one of her household staff came to Ruth's suite to ask why he was late Ruth said, "I don't care for them foreign broads." Americans can't stand class-consciousness in a hero, so apparently that was all right too.

In fact the extravagance of his behavior positively helped, for it was consistent with the role he played and the ideal he represented, the ideal of untrammeled, superhuman power. Even the slide rule was called in to demonstrate that he was Superman. At the height of his fame a group of professors from Columbia University put Ruth through a series of tests. When it was established that his eyesight was that of one man in ten, his sense of timing that of one man in ten, his wrist power that of one man in ten and so on, it was easy to arrive at the mathematical conclusion that he was one in a million. Certainly his record of sixty homers in a season (1927) and seven hundred and fourteen in a lifetime has not yet been equalled.

If that had been all, though, Ruth would not have towered as he does over other baseball heroes like Rogers Hornsby, Tyrus Cobb, Lou Gehrig and Joe DiMaggio.

There are classifications of the hero

Continued on page 66

MONARCH
1961

Monarch Richelieu 4-door Sedan— [illegible] Canada.

The new 1961 Monarch is definitely a car in a class by itself. The styling is unique, as you can tell at a glance. There's no excess bulk outside, yet interior dimensions in every direction are nothing short of spacious. The luxury of the standard upholstery and trim are quietly impressive. And a single ride brings out all the hidden qualities of solid Monarch comfort. It's amazing that the price of this fine car can be so low. Make it a point to see the new Monarch at your Ford-Monarch-Falcon dealer's, soon.

Mark of distinction
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G-E APPLIANCES GIVE YO EVERYTHING YOU WANT

Automatic Electric Can Opener

GENERAL ELECTRIC

AND MORE!

Vapour Control Kettle: Quick, extra useful, unique design. Exclusive G-E magic button lets *you* control steam, boil water fast, or keep it boiling gently without steaming up the kitchen.

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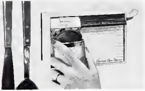
GENERAL ELECTRIC

Toast-R-Oven: Solves *all* your toasting problems with one trim, attractive all-automatic unit. On top, a pop-up toaster toasts bread to your taste perfectly every time.

AND MORE Down below, the exclusive pull-out toastin drawer toasts open-face sandwiches, canapes, etc. A "keep-hot" oven too.



Automatic Can Opener: Opens cans electrically—any size, any shape—in seconds, cleanly with no jagged edges. Grips can firmly, no need to hold. Lid can't fall into food. Now available in turquoise, yellow and white.

AND MORE Makes handy wall unit, or stands on legs for counter use. So quick, so *new*, so effortless!

GENERAL ELECTRIC

Hand-or-Stand Mixer: Works on its stand for long jobs, or in your hand as a powerful portable. Twelve kitchen-tested speeds. Maintains proper speed automatically as the batter thickens.

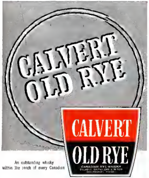
AND MORE Fingertip controls on handle for easy one-hand operation. Glamorous modern design, turquoise, yellow and white.

YOU GET MORE NEW CONVENIENCE FEATURES, MORE MODERN STYLING, MORE EFFICIENCY
—ALL GUARANTEED FOR YOU BY TODAY'S MOST DEPENDABLE ENGINEERING.

SEE THE LATEST AND GREATEST FROM G-E AT YOUR DEALER'S AND YOU'LL KNOW WHY
MORE CANADIANS CHOOSE GENERAL ELECTRIC APPLIANCES THAN ANY OTHER MAKE

CANADIAN GENERAL ELECTRIC COMPANY LIMITED

The older the barrel the finer the taste... and Calvert Old Rye is blended from choice whiskies aged in 20-year-old casks for a smoother, more satisfying taste



An outstanding whisky within the reach of every Canadian

that describe the kinds of symbolic role he can play. Ruth's main role was the Hero as Champion. But he also qualified for three other roles, all favorites with Americans: the Hero as Cinderella, as Benefactor and as Martyr.

America's heart always goes out to the man who triumphs over wretched beginnings, and Ruth's were wretched enough in all conscience. He was raised in St. Mary's Industrial School, a semi-reform institution in Baltimore, and he had been put there by his parents because he was a bad boy. At five he was hanging around his father's saloon bar; at seven he was chewing tobacco. Before he was ten he was drinking whisky. He also stole money from his family.

He learned to play baseball at St. Mary's and was so outstanding that the school coach recommended him to Jack Dunn, owner of the Baltimore Orioles, as a southpaw pitcher. Dunn hired him sight unseen, looked him over and liked what he saw so much that he sold Ruth to the Boston Red Sox almost at once. It was as a pitcher that Ruth played his first major-league game for the Red Sox in 1914 and as a pitcher he could have been great. His World Series record of 29 2/3 consecutive scoreless innings still stands. Then, in 1919, he was switched to the outfield and that was that.

The sympathy this saga won was reinforced by sentimentality over Ruth and his kindness to children. The story of Johnny Sylvester is the classic. The boy was dying after an operation and the doctor asked Ruth to visit him. As Ruth was leaving, the boy said, "Babe, hit one today for me, please." Ruth did and young Sylvester recovered.

There are many other stories, for Ruth was always visiting hospitals or signing autographs or stopping off in playgrounds to hit a few balls for the kids. In 1947 he set up the Babe Ruth Foundation, Inc., for the benefit of poor children and his estate still gives ten percent of its annual income to the fund.

During his career Ruth made more than two million dollars. Nevertheless in 1935, when he could no longer play baseball, he became the Hero Betrayed. It is still considered a tragedy that he couldn't get a job in the major leagues. He wanted badly to become coach of the Yankees but he was not invited to do so. Though at least four other major-league clubs considered hiring him as manager, all for one reason or another discarded the idea. His widow wrote recently: "From the end of the 1935 season until the day he died, Babe Ruth figuratively sat by the telephone waiting for a call everybody but he knew could never come." So when Ruth died of cancer on August 16, 1948, in New York, he died a martyr.

A few months before he died, in a special ceremony the Yankees permanently retired Ruth's uniform: no other Yankee would ever wear No. 3. After his death Ruth's body was laid in state in the rotunda of Yankee Stadium, an unprecedented event in a ball park. A year later a memorial was erected in centre field in the stadium. It said: "Here lived the greatest baseball player the game has ever boasted." Which shows how good Ruth was at being a hero.

THE PEOPLE

Early in Jack Dempsey's career he won a fight and became a villain. His brutal victory over Georges Carpentier, a French war hero, made Dempsey a "bully" and Carpentier a gallant but outmatched underdog. Dempsey was even sneered at as a "slacker" who had failed to register for the draft.

On the other hand, he was a hero for losing the fight to Gene Tunney. The referee's "long count" made him a victim of unfairness and therefore a good guy.

There is a kind of sentimental morality about U.S. hero worship. Americans cannot resist the martyr, the underdog or the secret benefactor. Indeed playing one of these roles is often enough in itself — as it was for Sacco and Vanzetti — to make a man a hero.

The same roles are used, too, to license and glorify heroes who are otherwise symbols only of aggression and power: supposed philanthropies to orphans and widows made Al Capone into a Jazz Age Robin Hood. In contrast, a hero who defies that morality will not last long. All General George Patton had to do was slap a soldier's face.

Only once in recent U.S. history has a hero seemed to offer heroism. To Americans of the Twenties Charles Lindbergh seemed everything fine, clean, disciplined, modest, brave and true.

LINDBERGH

Charles Augustus Lindbergh Jr. was the sixty-seventh man to fly the Atlantic. This, like most other facts about him, was irrelevant to the people who worshipped him.

He was born in Detroit, Mich., on Feb. 4, 1902, to Evangeline and Charles Lindbergh. His parents were both upper class, aloof and rigidly self-disciplined—loners, in fact. Though they were estranged while Charles was still a boy, they reared their son in their image.

As a child he was afraid of the dark.

At the University of Wisconsin he studied engineering desultorily for three semesters, then enrolled in a civilian flying school. For a while he barnstormed the country stunting, wing-walking and making pioneer parachute jumps. After his first jump he slept like a baby, deeply and dreamlessly, and afterwards he wrote that his old nightmares of falling had vanished from that moment.

He often seemed compelled to court danger, as though the act of dominating his fears were both tonic and cathartic.

At twenty-two he enlisted as a flying cadet with the air service and after graduation became an air-mail pilot on the route from St. Louis to Chicago. While flying this route he decided to compete for the $25,000 prize offered by Raymond Orteig, a French hotel manager in New York, for a nonstop flight between New York and Paris. St. Louis businessmen financed the building of a single-engined plane called Spirit of St. Louis so the city would reap the benefits of any publicity. At 7.52 a.m. on May 20, 1927, he left Roosevelt Field for Paris, and thirty-three hours later, at 10 p.m. Paris time on May 21, he landed at Le Bourget.

He thereby precipitated a most astonishing demonstration of that public behavior known as hero worship. It is a process worth studying.

On the day prior to Lindbergh's flight he ate unrecognized in a restaurant. Within a few days he outranked all other persons in the country.

It was accomplished by the simple act

Caribbean sights begin with B·O·A·C flights

On this warm and dreamy afternoon, when the Caribbean islands shimmer in the heat haze, our BOAC travellers are watching limbo* dancers on a crescent-shaped rim of white sand beside a gleaming opalescent sea.

You'll probably never dance the limbo, but if you begin *your* Caribbean holiday with BOAC you can be part of these sun-soaked islands within a few short hours, too.

Every Saturday, BOAC flies swift jet-prop Britannias from Montreal to Bermuda, Nassau and Jamaica. Come winter and this schedule increases to three flights weekly from Montreal.

Or, if you prefer, you may fly from Canada to New York by connecting carrier, where daily flights by either BOAC Britannias or Rolls-Royce 707's whisk you to the island of your choice.

For full details of these and other BOAC services to 51 countries on all 6 continents check with your Travel Agent or BOAC.

**An expert limbo dancer, by bending backwards, can pass beneath a horizontal bar placed 18" above the ground without losing balance or letting his shoulders touch the sand.*

All over the world

B·O·A·C

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of the public's deciding it would be so.

The first reaction was spontaneous, unorganized and naïve. In We, a book Lindbergh dashed off in three weeks after his flight, he described his reception at Le Bourget: "The entire field ahead ... was covered with thousands of people all running towards my ship. ... I cut the switch to keep the propeller from killing someone, and attempted to organize an impromptu guard for the plane. ... When parts of the ship began to crack from the pressure of the multitude I decided to climb out of the cockpit in order to draw the crowd away. ... As soon as one foot appeared through the door I was dragged the rest of the way without assistance on my part. For nearly half an hour I was unable to touch the ground. ..." Such scenes were repeated in London, Brussels, Washington, New York, St. Louis and every major American city that Lindbergh visited in the next few years.

The next phase of the unorganized popular homage was the mail, along with gifts and tributes in the form of songs, poems and stories about him. Between May 21 and June 17 Lindbergh got 3,500,000 letters. More were written in pencil than in ink, more were in longhand than in typescript, more came from small towns than either the country or the city. Love letters came from girls and women in every one from 8 to 80. Many contained invitations on the order of "I like your looks and believe you would like me."

He was sent so many gifts — more than 14,000 — that a museum had to be created in St. Louis to house them. They included everything from a diamond cut in the shape of his plane to a copy of Mother Goose to a ten-pound twist of chewing tobacco. As for poems, the New York World alone got two and a half bushels of them in the mail.

Admiring anecdotes about him sprang up all over the country. They all tended to fix the image of the slim, fearless boy or sentiment dire his situation or dramatize the rigors of the flight. Twenty-five years later, in a full-dress account of his flight, The Spirit of St. Louis, Lindbergh disclaimed the most persistent of these in a stiff little footnote: "In childhood I did not gain my desire to fly by a careful study of birds' wings, or by sitting on a bicycle lashed in the high branches of a tree. ... I did not have a kitten as a mascot for the Spirit of St. Louis, nor did I carry the wishbone of a chicken across the ocean to bring me luck. ... When I landed at Paris I did not announce my name or request a cigarette or a glass of milk, or say, 'Well, I made it,' or inquire as to whether I had landed at Paris. ... A group of French doctors did not rub my legs and force bits of chocolate into my mouth to give me nourishment. ... The Spirit of St. Louis was not down to twenty gallons of gasoline."

But hand in hand with the well-meant, rather touching expressions of admiration goes more dismaying behavior. The public elevates the hero — and then tries to touch him so some of the magic will rub off. A man offered $1,000 simply for the chance to shake his hand. People tried to crowd into photographs with him. A plump matron in an exclusive Long Island country club sprang up from her table to kiss him, and before he could leave several debutantes surrounded him, hugging him and clinging to his arms.

Strangers pounded his back, plucked at his clothing, lay in wait for him outside every door he entered. He was not safe even in private homes. One morning he emerged from his shower to find two strangers in his bedroom with his host: they'd heard he was there and had dropped in to meet him.

The souvenir hunters were almost as great a scourge. Waiters and bellhops were bribed to steal from him items that would serve as mementoes. His linen and underwear seldom came back from the laundry. At a public picnic in St. Louis women dodged near his table to snatch crumbs from which he had eaten.

For some reason the prying and the petty thefts were regarded as rights, not invasions. It was as though the public — since his status was their creation — regarded his person as their possession. The impulse to partake in him brought not only marriage offers but intimate nicknames — Lindy, Slim, Our Boy — and claims of kinship. Some four hundred Lindberghs wrote asking his help in tracing family trees to a mutual root. Hundreds of babies were named after him.

The spontaneous aspects of America's worship were, as always, reflected in the popular press. It was estimated that U.S. papers used up 25,000 extra tons of newsprint reporting on him.

The second phase of the hero-worship cycle is the organized and formal bestowal of honors, the self-conscious arrangements for posterity to realize their idol's status.

In Lindbergh's case the traffic rules of New York were reversed for his car. A special Lindbergh stamp was issued—the first time in U.S. history that a living man had been so recognized. A mountain peak in Colorado was named after him. So were a Pullman car, a dance, a sandwich, a cocktail, a flying field, a street in Brittany, the world's tallest airplane beacon and a newborn (female) elk in the Brooklyn Zoo.

The last step in hero worship is the development of a cult, which may be defined as periodic, patterned acts of homage, usually on some anniversary of the hero. Babe Ruth Day, for example, was celebrated in baseball parks all over the U.S. even before his death.

But though popular and formal homage to Charles Lindbergh persisted at a pitch and for a period seldom equalled, Lindbergh worship never reached this final stage. Why?

He had seemed to act out the classic ritual of the hero setting forth into supernatural regions on a dangerous quest and returning in triumph. He had come in Roosevelt Field as far as the public was concerned out of nowhere. He was tall, slim, fair-haired, sober-eyed, young. He was unmarried. He would fly alone in what seemed to be the frailest of craft. He was venturing into the air, which was still a hostile, an exotic element.

The perils of such a flight had been proved: six men had already died trying to get the Orteig prize. His lonely valor had been underlined by the jostling presence of other contestants, among them Commander Richard Byrd, who had rich backers, a huge trimotored Fokker and a crew of four. Bad weather had delayed the start for days, which increased suspense. After Lindbergh's takeoff there had been the hours of silence.

But the classic hero returns from his quest with the power to bestow boons on his fellow men. When Lindbergh returned to America it almost seemed that he had won magical powers. Relations with France strained by bitterness over war debts miraculously eased overnight in the wake of the generous welcome in Paris. Lindbergh was then sent as an official ambassador to Mexico and then to Central America and the West Indies.

It is possible, on looking back, to sense the people of America waiting all the while, as though the drama had another act to go. They kept their ardor fresh through more goodwill tours and visits—and while they yet cheered, Lindbergh took a well-paid job as consultant to an airline and escaped into private life.

The event that would complete the marvelous flight — redemption, deliverance, whatever it should have been — wasn't going to take place. By that time it was too long after the flight to go back to it and start a cult.

In 1929 Lindbergh married a capitalist's daughter and they lived out of the public eye until their first-born son was kidnapped on March 1, 1932. The cruelty of a doting public has never been more strikingly illustrated. Armies of journalists, invading, instantly trampled the grounds, destroying whatever clues there may have been. Hysterical people from all over the country provided "leads" that took days and weeks to check out. Crackpots claimed or invented contact with the kidnapper. The grotesque helpfulness went on and on. For four years — until April 3, 1936, when a German carpenter, Bruno Hauptmann, was electrocuted for the crime — the Lindberghs weren't allowed to forget their loss for a moment.

TOY DEPARTMENT

Children make
the most demands on
Playthings playmates
have their hands on

[illegible]

At the end of December 1935 the Lindberghs moved to England. During the summer of 1936 they visited Nazi Germany and Lindbergh was vastly impressed by the nation's "vitality, efficiency" and air strength. Less than two weeks after Chamberlain returned from Munich in 1938 Lindbergh again visited Germany and accepted the Service Cross of the German Eagle with Star, the second highest of all German decorations. In April 1939 he moved his family back to the U.S. and began speaking and broadcasting "to those people in the United States of America who feel that the destiny of this country does not call for our involvement in European wars." For a while he was the star speaker of the America First Committee, an outspokenly isolationist group. But his audiences began to note tinges of fascism, then outright demagogy, in his speeches. At times he seemed to be echoing Hitler himself. Finally in September 1941 he made a blatantly anti-Semitic speech in Des Moines. Of the Jews he said, "Their greatest danger to this country lies in their large ownership and influence in our motion pictures, our press, our radio and our government."

In Chicago the world's tallest airplane beacon was rechristened. In Charlotte, N.C., Lindbergh Drive was renamed Avon Avenue. In Paris the Escadrille Lafayette withdrew his honorary membership. An upstate New York lending library withdrew his wife's book, Listen! the Wind, from circulation.

Nowadays Lindbergh lives quietly in

Continued on page 53

SIGN OF REASSURANCE FOR THE WINTER AHEAD

B.F.Goodrich

THERE'S GOOD RICH PROMISE OF AN EASY-GOING WINTER AHEAD when you depend on the B-F-G- symbol! Going places or just keeping cosy and warm around the house ... getting through safely on snowy roads ... or just getting through the housework in double-quick time ... you'll find B F Goodrich helping —with 24,379 rubber and chemical products for home and industry—taking the trouble *out* of winter and putting more safety and comfort in!

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When the going is rough on snow-packed roads, it's good to know your tires are B-uilt F-or G-oing!

There's a BFG Tire built for *every* kind of going ... *every* type of driving. Ask your BFG Dealer. He'll put you straight on how to get the best possible value for your tire dollars!

Now ... buying the right tire is as easy as B-F-G!

B.F.Goodrich

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For more information on BFG products write President's Office, B.F.Goodrich Canada, Limited

'61 Corvette — a winging new shape for North America's only authentic sports car!

Below: [illegible] on [illegible] Chevy wagons!

Below: Bel Air 4-Door Sedan — sensibly sized right back [illegible] trunk.

Below: Impala Sport Sedan — one of five luxury-loving Impalas for '61. Whitewall tires optional at extra cost.

There's never been a wider assortment of Chevrolets than this '61 selection. Whether you're a budget watcher or a luxury lover (or both!) you'll find a Chevy model that's meant for you. Visit your Chevrolet dealer's for the nearest thing yet to one-stop shopping for the car you want.

Now! Big car comfort at small car prices . . . new '61

CHEVY BISCAYNE

the lowest priced, full-sized Chevrolet!

New Biscaynes (6 or V8) give you a full measure of Chevy quality, room and proven performance — priced down with many cars that give you a lot less!

Biscayne 4-Door Sedan (below) — big car comfort at small-car prices!

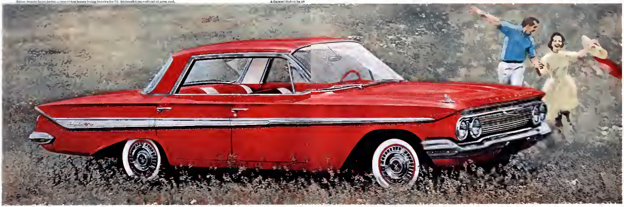
A General Motors Va ue

It's the most useable, liveable, likeable car ever built — the '61 Chevrolet. Less *out* size that leaves extra inches of clearance for parking and garaging. More *in* size with seats as much as 14% higher (just right for sitting, just right for seeing) and a shaved down driveshaft tunnel that leaves wide open space for feet. Larger door openings (up to 6 inches wider) make an open and shut case for comfort and convenience all by themselves, and that new storehouse of a trunk (you can stack cargo 15% higher) shows you that Chevy thinks big about baggage, too. Loading is an easy lift to the new bumper level deck lid opening, and packing odd-sized objects is a cinch, thanks to the recessed deep well floor. You can tell extra careful planning went into this new Chevy. It's so luxurious where you want luxury, yet so practical where you want Chevrolet's thrifty, no-nonsense practicality. Drop in and see it at your Chevrolet dealer's right now, the car that gives you a whole new measure of your money's worth!

Sixty-Onederful Chevrolet

THE GREATEST SHOW ON WORTH

CHEVROLET



THE GREATEST SHOW ON WORTH

now...more space, spunk and savings!

NEW '61 CHEVY CORVAIR!

Model illustrated: Lakewood 4-Door Station Wagon with up to 68 cubic feet of load space altogether. Whitewall tires optional at extra cost.

A General Motors Value

Carvair comes into '61 with a complete line of complete thrift cars — and every Corvair virtue is refined and sharpened! To begin with, you get more room for yourself and whatever you're taking with you (there's almost 12% more room under the hood for luggage in sedans and coupes). Corvair's spunkier air-cooled rear engine — now 145-cu.-in. displacement — gives all nine models the nimble handling and the tenacious traction that are a special Carvair trademark. At the same time, you get more miles to a gallon and faster than ever cold-start warmup. There's even a thrifty new heater* that warms everybody evenly. We could go on and on — especially about Corvair's new wagons. But why spoil your fun? Talk this polished new 1961 Corvair over with your Chevrolet dealer — and make it soon!

*Optional at extra cost

2-Door 700 Club Coupe—Like all Corvairs, it offers a Syncro-Mesh four speed gearbox* in addition to Powerglide* and standard transmission

4-Door 700 Sedan — its 145-cu-in. Turbo-Air 6 gives you faster than ever warmup so you can start saving on gas quicker. More miles per gallon too

Greenbrier Sports Wagons — coming your way with up to twice the space for people and things you're used to in a wagon — a whopping 175.5 cubic feet

tion Corp. When Warner Brothers made a film version of his book The Spirit of St. Louis, starring James Stewart, they deputed a young actor, Tab Hunter, to tour high schools and colleges around the country. His job was to sell the film to students and explain to them who Lindbergh was. The film did poorly at the box office.

THE PEOPLE

A few years ago a sociologist at McGill University, Frederick Elkin, conducted a survey about movie stars among a group of middle-class housewives in Chicago. His method was to pick stars who seemed clearly typed and simply ask the women what they thought of them.

At the time Betty Grable was still reigning in Hollywood. Here are some of the things the housewives said about her: "She's a nice person. I think she'd make a very good family life too. Her family life is first to her, then her career. She wouldn't want any arguments with her husband about careers. She'd want him to agree about the children." A second group of comments went, "She's very clean and full of life. A clean mind. Her pictures are never suggestive to the point where you'd notice it. She's just an American girl."

But when Elkin asked about Lauren Bacall he got such answers as these: "Oh, she's slick. As to her clothes, Oh brother. I imagine a pair of slacks, but for evening something very an lightning for a fellow ... and I picture her hanging on a lamppost. She reminds me of something evil. She always wants the men for a certain purpose and that's putting it mild."

Elkin concluded, among other things, that "The women stars who flaunt their sex may arouse resentment." At the same time he noted: "The subjects like to identify with those women stars who are attractive and sexually appealing. How do they resolve the dilemma? The subjects either directly or indirectly acknowledge the sexual appeal, but then specifically note that the given stars basically have a sense of morality and responsibility."

The Hollywood star is not the Hero as Champion or Deliverer or Martyr, but is the Hero as Ideal Mate or Sweetheart or Self.

MONROE

Sometime early in 1951, while a virtually unknown starlet called Marilyn Monroe was under routine contract to Twentieth Century Fox, a friend in the studio's publicity department took it upon himself to include some photographs of her in the routine packages of cheesecake that went to fan magazines and wire services. The magazines and newspapers immediately began to print them and ask for more. Letters started coming in requesting glossy photographs. More letters came, and still more. By early spring two or three thousand letters were arriving every week. By late spring she was getting more fan mail than the reigning studio queen, Betty Grable. Most of Miss Monroe's admirers had never seen her in a film. It seemed that her looks alone were enough to prompt homage — direct, simple enthusiasm and male.

Her looks were easily classifiable: they were full-blown blonde, gorgeous. Her personal additions were the tousled half-tone, the moist half-opened mouth and the moist half-closed eyes. She looked well willing.

Miss Monroe's story is chiefly interesting as a study of the ingredients in a successful star's public image. It illustrates how little the public really needs to know about what its heroes are like.

For some considerable time after her discovery by the public she did nothing whatever to destroy the impression of well willingness. She turned up at premieres or studio parties wearing nothing but a shimmy of gold lamé. When a woman columnist criticized her "organic" clothes and an admirer retorted that she'd look good in a burlap sack, Miss Monroe posed in a burlap sack. (She looked so good that four hundred and twenty-seven newspapers printed the picture.) Entertaining veterans from Korea at El Toro marine base, she precipitated a near riot by crossing her legs around the microphone stand while singing a torch song.

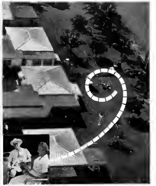
She talked a good game too. She avoided sunning because, she told reporters, "I like to feel blonde all over." Discussing her clothes on another occasion she said, "Designers want me to dress like spring, in billowing things. I don't feel like spring. I feel like a warm red autumn." In bed, she claimed, she wore only Chanel No. 5.

In Hollywood, though, the homage follows the classic route; a girl who gets hero-worshipped is not called a heroine but a star. Miss Monroe was clearly a star inside a year.

The spontaneous individual homage had started with the fan mail. It continued with word-of-mouth advertisement, myths and anecdotes that defined and illustrated her presumed type. She was the subject of more unprintable stories than anybody since the farmer's daughter. The printable stories usually took the form of quotes attributed to her. For example, when she had an appendectomy she was said to have pinned a note to the surgeon on her nightgown: "Take only what you have to." There were, of course, the usual marriage proposals — at least a dozen a week — and the attempts to establish kinship. Her publicity said she was an orphan. So men kept claiming to be her father. On one occasion a Hollywood mortician telephoned her studio that he was holding the body of Miss Monroe's father, who had just died. "You'll have to write us a letter," said a secretary wearily. "Yours is the second father this week."

Meanwhile formal homage along appropriate lines was being initiated. She was named Miss Cheesecake and Miss Flame Thrower of '52. Students of the 7th Division Medical Corps elected her the girl they would most like to examine. Soldiers in the Aleutians voted her the girl most likely to thaw out Alaska. A whole battalion in Korea volunteered to marry her. Neighborhood theatres started billing her over people like Barbara Stanwyck and Ginger Rogers when they showed old films in which she'd had a walk-on. And her studio rushed her into a series of potboilers as showcases for her variations on the sexy blonde. After one of them opened in New York in August 1952 a ticket taker described the overflow crowd: "Men," he said tersely. "Ten to one, maybe."

To this point, what Miss Monroe was being hailed as a symbol of is pretty simple. She was being hailed — mostly by men — as a symbol of sex. To put



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Like this couple, we all look forward to retiring some day. But what's the best way to have the income you'll need to live *comfortably*?

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All Marilyn Monroe had to do, it turned out, was make women forgive her

It even more explicitly: she was being hailed as a bad girl.

Only in America (and, by reflex pressure, in Canada) is the bad girl such tempting, forbidden fruit. In England she is not considered tempting; in France the category is not recognized. But in the U.S.A. puritanism — and the fact that mothers are in charge of moral instruction — has left a legacy of prudery. So the American male likes to imagine a girl who will promptly fall into his arms because a good girl — and therefore one he would presumably marry — won't. A good girl is a girl like his mother or his sister. A bad girl is a girl he can get in bed with.

Hollywood, with the co-operation of hosts of stagestruck girls, obligingly provides him with fuel for his imaginings. In 1952 Miss Monroe was one such focus.

Miss Monroe, however, went onward and upward. She became the Fifties replacement for the Betty Grable of the Forties, who replaced the Jean Harlow of the Thirties, who replaced Clara Bow. Like them, she mastered the role of *pet-mated* flirt. She became the bad good girl — and so won her turn as reigning queen of Hollywood.

It was really quite simple. All she had to do was make women forgive her. All she had to invoke was the classic American belief that the victim is somehow always virtuous. She did part of the job and her studio did the rest, and it doesn't matter whether it was deliberate or not.

The single most important move was the invention of many more details about her childhood. All of them won sympathy for her.

She turned out to be the illegitimate daughter of a footloose Norwegian baker, Edward Mortenson, and a one-time film cutter, Gladys Baker, and she was born on June 1, 1926, in the charity ward of a Los Angeles general hospital. Her mother named her Norma Jean and turned her over to a guardian who in turn farmed her out to a succession of foster homes. (Later, after the public had demonstrated a reassuring response to her biography, she added the detail that in one of the homes a fellow boarder had raped her.) Her mother had by now been committed to a mental institution and at sixteen, to avoid going to an orphanage, she married a young aircraft worker. The marriage lasted ten months, after which Norma Jean set out to conquer Hollywood. There she studied stenography and got by as a pattern model and bit player until the public began to notice her publicity stills.

Miss Monroe learned to talk about most of this quite readily. With such a background almost anything could be forgiven. Thus if she was consistently late for her work or appointments, it was because she was insecure, frightened and unsure of herself. After all, she'd even had a crutch as a child, hadn't she? And if she wore tight clothes and talked in little panting gasps, it was only because she so badly needed attention.

How successful was this major addition to her image was proved almost immediately. Her studio and the world simultaneously discovered that a widely distributed 1952 calendar entitled New Wrinkle bore a picture of Miss Monroe nude on a strip of crumpled red velvet. All she had to do was announce, in a small voice, that she'd had to do it, back in 1949, in order to pay the rent. Actually the money had been used to repossess her car, but she tried out the other story first and it did the trick so well that the furor subsided into a sympathetic anecdote.

Twentieth Century-Fox now completed her conversion into bad-good girl. It cast her in the two pictures that were to seal the image. One was Gentlemen Prefer Blondes, in which she played a wide-eyed, scramble-brained chorus girl who was just trying to get ahead; the other was How to Marry a Millionaire, the script of which furnished her with myopia, horn-rimmed spectacles and the appealing conviction that because of the glasses she wasn't attractive.

Avalanche coverage of her movements in the press, and at least two full-dress biographies, have added details but haven't changed the basic picture. Seven years later she is still, to her public, the good, warm-hearted orphan girl who just happens to look like a natural sex trap and who bumbles into trouble only because of her appearance and her generosity.

In the meantime she has married and divorced an American baseball hero, Joe DiMaggio; staged and won a year-long strike for a better deal and her own choice of parts from her studio; engaged in some much-publicized study at the Actors Studio in New York; married one of America's foremost playwrights, Arthur Miller; adopted the Jewish faith, and confided that one of her favorite frocks cost $5.98. Her public interprets all this as the efforts of a nice girl to find happiness and improve herself. Her cult — which in the case of a movie star means fan clubs — is still growing and flourishing.

Hollywood, of course, still helps it along. For consider Miss Monroe's latest film, called Let's Make Love. She is cast as a chorus girl, wears black net stockings and does bumps and grinds on stage. This arouses the hero's desires; her occupation arouses his hopes. But in her spare time she knits, and that is the tipoff. It is the favorite American plot again: the fantasy reconciliation of ideals with lust.

The girl's seeming badness encourages the pickup — the chance acquaintance that is essential in a culture where the young must find their own mates. Her naughtiness helps the hero along, helps him to overcome his natural shyness, reassures him that he won't be spurned. For the girl, coy forwardness is excusable as long as what she has in mind is fundamentally marriage and a home. Then, when she has aroused his desire, the situation that appears to compromise her turns out to be innocent.

And they marry. And everybody's happy about it ever after.

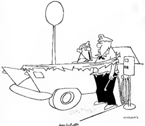
THE PEOPLE

It is the paltriness of the present U.S. heroes that upsets observers. "Ours is an age without heroes," says Arthur Schlesinger, a U.S. historian; what he means is proper heroic heroes, not hillbilly singers or prizefighters.

For example, modern America has produced no saints. Billy Graham is an organizer, an orator and a miracle worker, but not a saint. Nor has America produced any towering thinkers or theorists on the order of a Darwin or a Freud.

Indeed there are certain types of hero to whom the U.S. climate seems unsympathetic.

Politicians are not hero-worshipped, a fact that all U.S. politicians know well. Franklin Roosevelt would probably never have reached his final stature if the handicap of his breeding had not been cancelled by his long fight with paralysis.



"That back far enough?"

Happy moments with Matinée

"There's a play for you, Helen — what a team! Say . . . got a light?"
Isn't this exactly the *right* moment to light up a Matinée? Matinée has a way of making big moments bigger . . . happy moments happier. At this time of year those happy moments come thick and fast with the thrill of a football game . . . the excitement of hunting . . . and the cheer of fireside hospitality. *Matinée's mildness makes it the cigarette that tastes right all day.*
The secret — Matinée's perfect filter harmonizes more than twenty selected grades of the finest flue-cured Virginia tobaccos. That's why your last Matinée at night is as fresh and delightful as the one you enjoyed with your morning coffee.

Matinée

THE CIGARETTE THAT TASTES RIGHT ALL DAY

PULL
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customers are people..

with money to spend

Corporations spend for linen advertising. Sales men cruise the country. Shopkeepers stage special "sales."

Left to themselves and their competitors many corporations would reduce pay, replace people with machines, ignore long service, pay as little as possible into social security funds. They would do it in good conscience, thinking thereby to cut costs and increase profits.

But in the process they would also destroy the very thing that makes real progress and real profit possible—they would destroy the customers who must buy home grown and home manufactured goods or the goods from other lands which we exchange for our own.

By insisting upon proper wages and salaries, by insisting that new jobs be found for men replaced by machines and by insisting upon proper social security measures, Canada's union members are providing our economy with customers—Canadians with money to spend.

UNITED STEELWORKERS

Workers in the arts are not hero-worshipped. There is no counterpart in prestige for Pablo Picasso or Pablo Casals, or the USSR's prima ballerina Galina Ulanova.

Intellectuals are not hero-worshipped, though in France and England unabashed eggheads like Jean-Paul Sartre and Bertrand Russell are exalted public figures.

In fact the list of genuine U.S. cultural heroes is short and homely. It begins with Johnny Appleseed and ends with a handful of inventors: Henry Ford the automaker, Alexander Graham Bell the far speaker, Thomas Edison the light-bringer.

Of all the men who have expressed America or something about it to the outside world, Americans themselves have idolized only three: Mark Twain, Will Rogers and Ernest Hemingway.

And they have idolized what these men were more than what they tried to say.

HEMINGWAY

Ernest Hemingway started being a folk hero in the Twenties. His first booklets of short stories, poems and vignettes had hardly been published when young people in literary circles and boys and girls on campuses across the land began to walk with his rolling slouch, feint with their fists, drink straight from bottles tilted to one corner of the mouth and talk in page after page of very continuous and unedited and Anglo-Saxon dialogue. Also if they wrote, they wrote like him.

At the time it was his literary impact that was being recorded. He was a hero—in the limited world of the intellectual—because he pioneered a new hardboiled prose, a tough nonchalance of form and a bleakness of subject matter.

Today, by most accounts including that of Arthur Koestler, he is the greatest living American writer. But he is a folk hero to Americans who have never read any books at all, let alone his. Once when he was living in Florida he was asked to referee a prizefight in the Negro section of Key West. He was introduced simply as "That world famous millionaire, sportsman and playboy, Mr. Ernest Hemingway." During World War II he was a legend in the 22nd Infantry Regiment—to which he was attached as a war correspondent—for, among other things, his habit of carrying two canteens on his hip, one of gin and one of vermouth, for purposes of on-the-spot martinis. Yet his driver didn't even know he was a writer.

His reputation as a "personality" reached Russia, for example, long before his books. In 1935 one Russian critic wrote: "You fancy a strong, fullblooded athlete, an excellent tennis player, a first rate boxer, an inveterate skier, hunter and fisherman, a fearless torero, a distinguished front line soldier, an arrogant bully and in addition to that—on second thought it will win—a world famous writer."

He is a legend in his own lifetime because almost every stage of his career has been marked by exploits and adventures.

He was born and raised in Oak Park, a Chicago suburb, but toward the close of World War I he was a nineteen-year-old ambulance driver near Fossalta in Italy. He got 237 pieces of shrapnel in his legs and the second highest Italian military decoration when a mortar shell exploded in a listening post and Hemingway carried the only other survivor back through machine-gun fire to the trenches.

In the Twenties he went to Spain to study the bullfights and, when his fellow writer John Dos Passos decided to have a try at being torero, managed to rescue him from a violent death.

In the early Thirties he went big game hunting in Africa, skied in Switzerland, shot duck in Italy and hooked the first unmutilated tuna—a 310 pounder—ever caught on rod and reel in the Bahamas. In the late Thirties, when civil war broke out in Spain, he raised $40,000 on his personal notes to buy ambulances for the Loyalist armies. Then he hired out as a war correspondent to pay off the notes and went to Spain himself.

During World War II he spent two years cruising off the north coast of Cuba in his forty-foot boat, the *Pilar*, which he had transformed into a Q-boat. He reported enemy submarine activity to naval intelligence and kept hoping a German submarine would hail him and order him alongside; he had an attack plan ready and thought he could destroy it.

Next, as a war correspondent, he flew a number of operations with the RAF, landed in France on D-Day and attached himself—rather loosely—to the Fourth Infantry Division of the First Army. The divisional commander put a pin on the map to keep track of his whereabouts. For Hemingway had promptly ranged ahead of the army and joined a group of French irregulars. When the group found it had overtaken the retreating German Army on the road to Paris, Hemingway simply settled them into a momentarily unoccupied town and began intelligence operations. By the time General Jacques Leclerc arrived with the French armored division that had been chosen to liberate Paris, Hemingway's group was able to describe the German defenses the rest of the way to the capital. By taking the back roads Hemingway then beat Leclerc into Paris and proceeded to the Ritz Hotel, which he liberated. Only mass perjury later by his friends kept Hemingway from being court-martialed for violations of the Geneva Convention for war correspondents.

His main exploit for the Fifties was a plane crash while on safari in Africa. He suffered burns, a cracked skull, a ruptured kidney and three injured vertebrae, but a day later he walked out of the jungle carrying a bunch of bananas and a bottle of gin and saying: "The luck she is running good."

To a nation long in love with physical prowess and guts, any one of these adventures would have won him admirers. Piled one on the other they made him the darling of America, of specific Americans ranging from barkeeps to the Vanderbilts, and of Marlene Dietrich, who calls him "The most fascinating man I know." He calls her The Kraut.

The appeal of Hemingway's deeds was reinforced for his countrymen by his personal bravura. He has the zest—and some of the tastes—of an overgrown kid. His present (and fourth) wife, Mary, reports that his favorite activities include: "Throwing snowballs at barges on the Seine," "helping me make angels in the snow of the Jardin des Tuileries in Paris," and "sliding down on a wooden sled between narrow stone walls from the top of the mountain above Funchal in Madeira."

He sometimes displays an adolescent's swagger and bravado. When critic Max

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1 "That is strictly on the crown ... [illegible] ... St. Moritz on a skeleton ... [illegible] ... in steering and you may fly off ... at 80 miles an hour," writes a spokesman friend of Canadian Club who made the thrilling run. "After practising for a week from the two-thirds mark, I took the Cresta from the top. I was going a mile a minute when I hit the terrible Shuttlecock curve."

2 "I'd been briefed on the Cresta's perils earlier. You steer every inch of the way or you're bad it. Football helmet, shin guard and elbow guards are little enough protection if you crash.

3 "From a running start I picked up speed fast. Too fast. For all my braking, I was rocketing as I went into Shuttlecock's horseshoe bend. Suddenly a yard-wide straw-packed ... I was catapulted from the sled. Snow-covered ... took hold and saved me from cannonballing into the woods.

4 "'Next time you'll break a minute,' my host promised later. But I sipped my Canadian Club and decided not to take any more chances. 'The skeleton race has been a gentleman's sport for 70 years,' he added, 'and Canadian Club has been on the scene all along.'"

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His heroes do the things Hemingway has done, and they have the same tastes: martinis and violence

Eastman made a crack about his literary style having "false hair on the chest," he simmered for three years until he encountered Eastman in person, then ripped open his shirt to show a naturally matted chest, and then initiated a scuffle. The year (1935) he won the annual fishing tournament at Bimini in the Bahamas, he found some ill feeling toward visiting fishermen among the locals. He promptly offered to enter the ring with any of them and put up $200 as a prize for anyone who could stay four rounds. Several tried but none could.

Enhancing his public image as a blunt, lusty male, Hemingway also achieves the touch of the common man. Even in New York he is apt to wear a red plaid shirt and on one visit he was widely observed to have the nosepiece of his steel-rimmed glasses padded with old navy paper. In speech his metaphors are from the trunk, the baseball diamond and the ring. He varies this jargon with a personal version of stage Indian that may go (of his sentiments on a plane): "He read book all way up on plane. He like book, I think." In the front lines during the war he used to tell soldiers who didn't know him that he'd never learned to read or write. In Cuba, where he has lived for many years now, he likes to go barefoot. All this is so effective that this summer Fidel Castro specifically reassured a TV audience that his government had no intention of touching small U. S. property owners "like Ernest Hemingway."

Hemingway, of course, is not just a small property owner. He is not just a hunter and boxer and guerrilla fighter and liver of the violent adventurous life. He is also the Nobel Prize-winning writer of a dozen books.

The most interesting thing about Hemingway as a folk hero is that his writings have been added to his legend. By now the two are so inextricably meshed that serious literary critics have to keep reminding each other not to read his books as autobiography.

The confusion is understandable. In the first place, the setting of each story has also been the setting of a Hemingway adventure: Italy during World War I, the hulking Mount Kilimanjaro, the Spanish Civil War, the waters surrounding Cuba. His heroes do the things Hemingway has done: fight wars, hunt big game, pilot boats, fish. They have the same tastes: martinis and violence.

Above all, they perform exploits. In fact Hemingway's heroes exist solely to test their manhood. They are not intellectuals. They have no social, moral or philosophical ideas at all. They celebrate only physical courage — heroism for its own sake, and for the sake of the stylish gesture. So in The Old Man and the Sea, which Hemingway finished in 1952, Santiago's fight with the fish is gallant precisely because it is pointless, because in the end he will return with nothing but a skeleton.

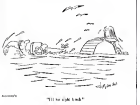
The Old Man and the Sea, which won Hemingway his Nobel Prize for literature, was bought by Hollywood and turned into a movie starring Spencer Tracy. It is a measure of the utter confusion of Hemingway with his fictional heroes that Leland Hayward, the director, asked Hemingway to go and catch the big fish they'd need for the film. "You wrote about him," Hayward said. "Now produce him."

And it was no more than everyone expected when Hemingway did. He couldn't raise a fish off Cuba, so he went all the way to Peru and after thirty-two days hooked into a 1,500-pound black marlin, just sixty pounds under the record. Or people said he did, and believed he did, because that's the sort of thing Hemingway would do.

It's the sort of thing *they'd* like to do.

"A man can at one time be brave and add a cubit of heroism to his height when fighting for himself," says Sean O'Faolain, the Irish critic. "If he is fighting for a cause or an idea he can still be brave but instead of becoming a hero he may end up as a war criminal. The moral of Hemingway is that the only possible hero of our times is the lone wolf."

To mid-century Americans — souls shaken and minds vexed by a disorderly world — it is a seductive idea. ★



"I'll be right back"

For the sake of argument

Continued from page 10

we are: a colony of a sort unknown to the history of Europe or Asia. No military might breathes on us from south of the border. None would, for the Americans are not that kind of people. None is needed, for the arrangement here, as my Washington acquaintance said, is one that could not make a modern power happier. What is happening to Canada is merely this: she is becoming, at least on the popular level, *a mental and spiritual colony of the United States*, a conditioned reflex colony of that cluster of ideas, values, habits and thought patterns called by Mr. Henry Luce The American Way of Life.

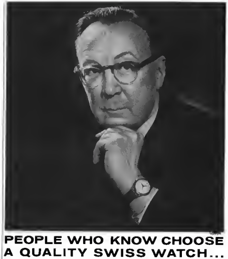
What wonder, then, that the shrewd American with business here should not be delighted to see us make our own laws, administer our own courts, honor our queen and elect our parliament and provincial legislatures? What wonder that he should cheer every time we declare our political independence, especially when, having done so, we usually vote in the UN precisely as Washington wants us to? Americans want us to retain our self-respect not only because they like us, but because they are shrewd.

"Give me the making of the songs of a nation and I care not who makes its laws," said Andrew Fletcher of Saltoun some 250 years ago. Today that sprightly phrase might well be rewritten by an American organization man: "Give me the writing of a nation's advertising and propaganda and I care not who governs its politics."

The boss can't be blamed

Yes, the setup is perfect. If American-made economic policies prosper here, nobody could be more pleased than the American boss if the Ottawa government takes credit for them. If they go sour he knows that Canadians won't blame *him*. How can they when they don't even know who he is? Instead they will turn out the government in power in Ottawa and elect another, which will be in exactly the same position as regards the national destiny. It would take political leadership of a truly heroic and brilliant sort to combat the propaganda theme that has been pounded into us ever since the war. To think other than Americans do in economics and social values—why, if a man does that he's an egghead or perhaps — "I wouldn't like to say this aloud but I've heard rumors" — perhaps he's even a Commie!

I care not who makes a nation's laws. . . " Why indeed should any American care who makes ours when he sees the newsstand in his Canadian hotel or visits our homes and looks at our choice of television programs? Most astonishing of all must appear to Americans the phenomenon of the Canadian Editions of some of their own most strident national journals. These emissaries of The Way of Life set themselves up here as native publications and week after week they import into this country absolutely free an editorial content as 100 percent American as *Pravda's* is 100 percent Russian.



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THE WATCHMAKERS OF SWITZERLAND

“Canada is becoming a spiritual slum of the United States,” a Frenchman said to me with regret

Soon, unless this invasion of broadcast and printed words is checked, the sole authentic Canadian voice left will be the CBC's. That must be why the Canadian government has appointed a royal commission to examine this entire problem. For our newspapers, except perhaps in the large cities, are to a great extent influenced by the American wire services to which they subscribe, and by the American syndicated columns they publish day after day.

Noting all these things, a Frenchman said to me in Europe a few years ago: "Canada disappoints me more than any other country I know. It could have been a marvelous land if it were not next door to the United States. Now, in many ways the United States is a marvelous land. But Canada is not. She is becoming a spiritual slum of the United States — a slum because you import the worst American examples and few of their best. You seem willing to take anything they give you." As a Canadian I could not help thinking that the Frenchman overdid it. There is one thing I believe to be true: deep in her heart, the tycoon's mistress is ashamed of her condition and is beginning to wonder whether she sold her independence too cheaply. Much though she likes her tycoon, fascinating though she finds his multitude of hearty ways, grateful though she is for his physical protection, she was not raised to be anybody's mistress, dependent on the desires of a man to whom she is not married. After all she came of a good family, of two good families originally, and later by intermarriage of several more. Her parents were poor but they were honest. Unlike the little English girl of the song they did not allow themselves to become victims of the rich man's whim. They ate oatmeal porridge instead of corn flakes, the cheese on their tables was not processed but the real thing, and they read the Bible instead of the Reader's Digest. I wonder sometimes if these stiffnecked old parents, looking down from heaven at their present-day child riding about in the American fishtailed car, glued to the Ed Sullivan Show every Sunday night, living it up on somebody's expense account, boasting of how rich she is — I wonder if they resemble the parents of that same little English girl in that same little English song:

See the old folks in the country
In the cottage where they live
Drink the champagne that she sends them
But they never will forgive!

How has Canada come to this — if indeed she has?

I would say for the same reason the bulk of the Americans came to the same thing. And this brings me to a significant aspect of the psychological state today known vaguely as anti-Americanism.

This has nothing to do, I would say, with dislike of Americans as people or with hostility to the United States as a nation. Certainly it has nothing to do with the truly grand American tradition of Washington, Jefferson, the austere New Englanders of earlier times, the gentry of Virginia or the homesteaders of the west. Indeed the first anti-Americans — in this peculiarly modern sense of the word — were not foreigners. They were American patriots who were appalled by what they saw happening around them. They were men like Thoreau and Emerson in the last century, like Mencken, Sinclair Lewis and the editors of The New Yorker in the present one. They were the ones who deplored that the culture of freedom should degenerate into a mass culture of mass appetites, later to be glorified into a conformist patriotism of a kind that Jefferson would have laughed to scorn and Washington would have rejected with an aristocratic shrug.

Of all the American diagnosticians of this phenomenon the subtlest and most intelligent I have encountered was a man who died at seventy-two years of age some fifteen years ago. He was Albert Jay Nock, the author of a book little read but long remembered by those who did read it: Memoirs of a Superfluous Man.

A soul-saving rejection

It was Nock's thesis that a civilized person could not help being anti-American in this latter-day sense of the word because American mass-made tastes and habits were anti him. At the end of a long life Nock was able to say that for most of it he had been superfluous to American society. He was a man of deep culture, erudition, wisdom and insight. He was of old American stock. But the philosophy he saw swamping his country desired nothing he had to offer it. It had subordinated every aspect of the national life to what Nock called economism: in other words, to the theory that man's chief end is merely to produce, distribute, consume, break records and grow rich. Because of this philosophy he had seen most American universities degenerate into trade schools, American literature turn increasingly to sensationalism, American sexual attitudes become steadily more infantile, American business become more and more confined by the weight of its own colossal success. Nock foresaw the day when "the sheer unloveliness of the life produced by economism" would turn millions of people away from the United States merely in order to save their souls. Merely because — to quote Victor Hugo on Napoleon — a time must surely come when God would be bored with it all!

For years Albert Nock was curious to understand how this subordination of the nation's genius to materialism had come about. All the Americans he knew seemed to deplore it. When Sinclair Lewis created the character of Babbitt — that pathetic, amiable, self-cheating, perennial adolescent who measured everything by money, automobiles, plumbing and physical comfort — millions of Americans cheered. A generation later Arthur Miller's play on much the same theme, Death of a Salesman, was acclaimed as

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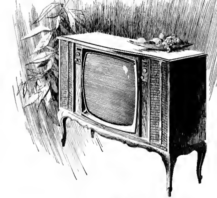

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a great American work of art. Why despite such self-knowledge did the process go unarrested?

Nock discovered the answer finally from the Wall Street financier Edward Epstein. Shaking his finger one day at Nock, Epstein said: "Can't you see it's a law of life? The average organism always satisfies its desires with the minimum of effort. Its most basic desire is animal comfort, and in America we have made the average man our ideal."

So impressed was Nock by this insight that he thought it should be made a companion piece to Gresham's Law, the one that says bad money drives good money out of the market. He called it Epstein's Law, and it explained the whole picture to him. Since the unthinking man can be manipulated, why not make him the apparent ideal of a democratic society? Why not flatter him since then you will make him your consumer and his unimpulsive and wasteful consumption will make you rich?

For my part I would modify Epstein's Law. The average organism, *if unchecked by education, religion or a high ideal*, will behave just as Epstein said: nor need he be poor or belong to a low social class to do so. Apply Epstein to history and he fits like a glove. Every decadent society has declined because it failed to resist the impulse to follow the course of least resistance. The bread and games of the Romans, the rotten states, the French aristocrat who said *Après moi le déluge*, the British imperialists who bribed the pashas—the list runs long in history. On the other hand every society that has grown vigorously has abjured the course of least resistance, including the United States in the days when Americans said "Root hog, or die."

If so many foreigners today resent the United States it is because she has become the great tempter, the more so since so many millions of Americans are quite satisfied with their own surrender to Epstein's Law. Where is the Old American literature of revolt? Where is a statesman with the fierce integrity of Theodore Roosevelt or Woodrow Wilson? Adlai Stevenson certainly. But look what the voters did to him! Who would not fear being captured by a culture whose citizens are so kindly, so sensitive and easily hurt, yet so apparently helpless in the grip of their own opinion industries? Who would not tremble living beside such a nation at the evidence that its present economic boom depends to a substantial extent on thoughtlessness? How can anyone deny that much American prosperity has been purchased at the price of an impoverishment of mind and soul? For the more thoughtless a person is, the more open he is to the suggestion of the advertiser that he continually increase his physical needs, even though this may mean the mortgaging of his spiritual future. Whether the American economic system could endure with less huckstering may be a moot question, but the evidence suggests that few Americans believe it could. Therefore huckstering is bound to increase, to become more shameless in its conditioning of our impulses, to become still more successful in silencing any other effective voices but its own.

That is why anti-Americanism is bound to spread until the United States may find herself isolated. I wish Americans could realize that ANTI-AMERICANISM TODAY IS SIMPLY ANTI-HUCKSTERISM. It is the last and possibly a futile expression of a desire to save one's soul from the fatal American harnessing of Epstein's Law to the economic system.

It's offered at cut rates

We Canadians, when Epstein's Law moved in on us after the war in a big way, fell as hard as Adam.

Why do we take so many of our opinions ready made from the States? Simply because the American opinion industries were highly developed at a time when we had virtually none of our own. It was easier for our salesmen to accept American hand-me-downs than develop techniques more in the character of the Canadian people.

Why do we accept so much of their shoddiest entertainment? Because they offer it at cut rates and if we accept it we are saved the effort of developing our own.

Why did we sell out our natural resources in such a hurry? Because it was easier to get rich that way than to undergo the slower process of developing these resources at least in part by ourselves.

Well, we got pretty rich pretty fast, but does wealth assure us that we are going to have much hope of fulfilling our destiny as a nation, which we certainly cannot do so long as we believe that our prosperity depends on our becoming cheap copies of our neighbors?

Perhaps it would help if we asked ourselves what our national destiny might be, and then ask whether it is worth paying a price to achieve it.

During the past fifteen years there has been much soul searching in Canada, and that is the other side of the picture in this gigantic sellout. We are beginning to discover a genuine national identity, and the image of no mean nation has begun to emerge. From under fearful difficulties of climate and history our ancestors produced a stable nation out of elements that once had been enemies. With scant help from the British, and none from France, Canadians of the English-speaking provinces and Quebec developed a system of higher education that owed little, at least until recently, to American examples. We developed a federal political system at once more tolerant and subtle than the one that came out of the American Constitution, and if we do not recognize this ourselves, the new nations of Asia do. By refusing to subscribe to the American theory of the melting pot we permitted millions of New Canadians to retain a sense of their European pasts. Finally, we are a northern people with a poetry in us of an austere kind, with an art and literature that already reflect a national character subtly different from the American and beginning to be recognized abroad. At present rates of increase Canada will have forty million people at the end of the twentieth century. Who knows how valuable that nation may become to mankind?

Is this future to be thrown away simply because it is easier to sink into a colonial status and allow the Americans, with the best will in the world, to turn us into copies of themselves? Unless we break ourselves of the drug habit this is what will happen.

The best and most immediate area to make a start of breaking the drug habit is in international politics. Most of our men on both sides of politics in Ottawa agree that under the eight-year Eisenhower regime the Western cause sank in to contempt and almost into impotence. Whether the new president will be any better we cannot know: at the time of writing, nothing has been said by either candidate that has not been aimed at vote catching, and in the current American atmosphere the simplest way of doing that (Epstein's Law again!) has been to shout about how tough the candidate will be on communism.

Most informed Canadians believe this is childish. Russia must be lived with or none of us will live at all. Russia and China are already becoming hostile to each other, and mature leadership from the West could quickly exploit the rift. We are sick of the pretense, so useful to the Republicans in the 1952 election, that Chiang Kai-shek is democracy's great hope in the Far East. We consider the mad nonsense of a defense policy based on nuclear terror so dangerous that only a lunatic could rely on it. We would like to see an end of testing weapons that can be used only if the user intends to commit suicide. We listen with horror to Pentagon voices soothingly telling the people that nuclear war need not be as dangerous as every honest scientist has told us it is.

Since our leaders believe this, why don't they say so aloud? The chief reason, I suspect, is a well-grounded fear of American anger. Naturally they must retain American friendship. But how true is the friend who believes his neighbor is endangering his own and everyone else's life, yet keeps quiet lest he hurt his feelings?

On a subtler level than politics, this country as a whole must foster and protect her own national voices, and give them a chance to survive against the huge brass band of American salesmanship that we import duty-free into the country. Many things have been done to encourage them, of which the Canada Council is perhaps the most original example. But there are far too many Epstein's Lawyers working for their own small profit against the country. Every time I see some false sneer at the CBC in the press, some reiteration of how bureaucratic it is and how much it costs the taxpayer, I want to ask: "What special interests do you represent?"

For in the long run nothing will save Canada's future but resistance to the army of conditioned-reflex salesmen who have followed the American economic investment into the country. It is not the investment that does the damage, it is these mental carpetbaggers. Therefore all native activities that foster a resistance to Madison Avenue—our literature, education, magazines, radio, television, motion pictures—these should deliberately whenever possible divorce themselves from American mass models no matter how loud the advertisers scream.

Only let us not forget: it will cost quite a lot, and not all the cost will be monetary. Some of it will be psychological. For we genuinely like our neighbors and wince when we read the lies and abuse directed against them by Communists and people like the African columnist who is supposed to have blamed the State Department for the tsetse fly. Americans are so easily hurt that if we repudiate even a fraction of their culture—even when it invades us—they will assume we dislike them and are jealous, and some will say we are biting of the hand that guards us. To express dislike of Americanism has become a kind of treason in the United States since the McCarthy era. Ever since then their television and public prints have been giving us this same idea, with the result that, like their own best men, we too hardly dare say aloud what we really think of the United States or of Madison Avenue. ★

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The misjudgment of America continued from page 25

"We can't afford to see her beaten in her contest with Russia"

rule owe this change in their favor to America. It was America's example that forced Britain and France to follow suit. And the West European peoples cannot complain. For where should we be now but for the Marshall Plan? At the end of World War II America found an empire on her hands. She had not wanted it; she had not gone to war to acquire it; but there it was. And how did America signalize her acquisition of this unwelcome foundling? She behaved like the Good Samaritan. If the American taxpayers had not salvaged postwar Western Europe's economy at very great expense to themselves, the war would certainly have been followed in Western Europe by a complete economic collapse, and Western Europe would then most likely have gone Communist and thus have fallen into Russia's mouth. America's prevalent generosity saved Western Europe from that.

The West's debt to America in our time is thus obviously enormous. It is equally obvious that the future of all Western countries is bound up with America's future. Whether or not we like America or like our postwar relation with her, all we other Westerners are bound in our own interests to wish America well. We cannot afford any more than America herself can to see her suffer defeat in her present competition with Russia. Her struggle is ours too. But just for this reason we are also bound to feel anxious about America's prospects. What are her strong points and what are her weak points? The answers to these questions are of immediate concern to us all. At the present moment both the Americans and their allies are uneasily aware that things are not going very well for America in the international arena. She has been losing ground to Russia, and it looks as if she may be going to lose more. She has been losing partly because she has been becoming increasingly unpopular in her own camp. This is the disturbing point and at first sight it is also a surprising one. America has been deserving gratitude and she has been reaping odium. Can we put our finger on the reasons for this? And is there anything that America can do to make the current of feeling flow in her favor?

Let us begin by reminding ourselves of the amazing change in America's outlook and policy within the lifetime of people still alive (for instance, myself). Suppose that in 1914 someone had foretold what America's position and policy were going to be in 1960. He would not have been listened to; he would have been dismissed as a lunatic. It would have seemed at least as fantastic if the same forecast had been made no longer ago than 1939. In 1914 America was still swearing by George Washington's policy of avoiding foreign entanglements. In 1919 she swung back eagerly to that traditional policy of hers after having been forced out of it by German aggressiveness. As World War II loomed up she took drastic measures for making sure that she should not be drawn into belligerency for the second time. It needed Pearl Harbor to make America a belligerent in 1941, and it might have been expected that in 1946 she would recoil into isolationism with still greater vigor than in 1919. But, as we know, she did just the opposite. This time, instead of trying once again to wade out of the international morass, she deliberately waded deeper in.

What Germany had failed to do to America was done to her by Stalin. Germany had managed to bring America into a world war twice over, and that was a considerable feat. But the experience of Germany's aggressiveness in World War I had not deterred America from trying to cut loose again from foreign entanglements almost as soon as World War I was over. The very real danger of world domination by Germany seems never to have impressed itself on America's imagination. If America had not been bounced into belligerency, we may guess that she would have allowed Germany and her allies to make themselves supreme in the Old World. If she had not had her hand forced twice over, she would not, as far as one can see, have been roused to action unless and until the Germans had begun to trespass on the American hemisphere. But the prospect of world domination by Russia got under America's skin in 1946. It has stayed there ever since, and it has brought about a complete reversal of the policy that America had been following ever since the beginning of her career as an independent country.

Since 1946 America, so far from trying to avoid foreign entanglements, has been competing with Russia to incur as many of them as she can. America and Russia have been trying to draw all the rest of the world into their respective camps. During the years 1919 to 1946 America's ex-belligerents and associates were perpetually on tenterhooks for fear that America would sheer off from them if they got into trouble, and their fears were justified by what actually did happen in 1939. But since 1946 the roles have been dramatically reversed. Since then, America's allies have been chafing at their entanglement with America, and have been wondering ever more anxiously whether this may not be going to get them into a scrape. It is America, now, who is eager to preserve her links with her allies and is afraid that these allies may sheer off from her.

We have already become so used to this reversal of roles that by now we take it for granted. All the same, it is extraordinary. What is more, it happened suddenly and without previous psychological preparation. And here we come to one of America's present-day troubles, one that goes far toward explaining her present unpopularity with her allies and her present ill-success in trying to cope with Russia. America's mind has become interventionist, but this change of mind has been too quick for her heart yet to follow suit. At heart America is still isolationist. Americans still want, as much as ever, to keep themselves to themselves and to live their lives in their own American way. Of course all human beings always do feel like that in some degree, but the American degree is an extreme one, and this is a very grave handicap to America in the pursuit of the new policy of interventionism on which she has deliberately embarked.

No doubt, America has other handicaps that are inevitable. For instance, America is enormously powerful, and powerful people are usually unpopular. As an Englishman, I speak from experience. I am old enough to remember my own country's unpopularity in the days of her power, and I am young enough to feel that being better liked — as we British are, I believe, today — is a considerable consolation for the decline in Britain's political power since 1914. When the powerful man is also a benefactor to whom his neighbors are conscious of being in debt, his unpopularity soars. This is, of course, to his beneficiaries' discredit, not to his own. Resentment at finding oneself under an obligation is an unamiable, though familiar, trait of human nature.

For America this experience of black ingratitude is a new one, and she is still taking it very hard. "They have bitten the hand that fed them" — that has been America's emotional reaction to the ingratitude of her former protégés: China, for instance, since 1948, and now Cuba this year. To act on one's feelings in the dangerous game of international politics is a luxury that even America cannot afford. By giving rein to her resentment she has thrown first China and then Cuba into Russia's arms, and, in doing that, she has played into Russia's hands. But no doubt America will learn to take her beneficiaries' ingratitude philosophically. If her natural but impolitic demand for gratitude were the only cause for offense that America was giving, it could be left to time to bring the cure. Unfortunately, the trouble goes deeper.

One cause of America's unpopularity has been mentioned already. America is now interventionist, but Americans are still isolationists — above all, when they are posted abroad. The American abroad is the most homesick creature in the world. This hit one in the eye in wartime England. The refugee European soldiers — Norwegians, Dutch, and the rest — managed to make themselves more or less at home in their English billets. They recovered their spirits, though they had temporarily lost their countries. The American soldier, on the other hand, seemed to be incurably forlorn, though there was no language barrier to remind him that he was marooned in a strange land.

This homesickness seems surprising in people whose ancestors once upon a time plucked up their roots in Europe and started life again on the other side of the Atlantic. Perhaps present-day Americans have inherited a horror of this ancestral experience and a subconscious shrinking from being put through it in their turn. Anyway, whatever the cause, the homesickness is a fact, and it is an important and adverse factor in America's fighting form for the cold war. Today hundreds of thousands of Americans are serving their country abroad as soldiers and civilians. They are posted in allied and uncommitted countries all over the world to help these countries and to win good will for America as a valuable by-product of their American good works. The expatriated Americans duly perform the good works. They perform them with characteristic American energy and efficiency. But, instead of generating the

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hoped-for good will their presence in allied countries is unfortunately apt to produce the opposite result and their homesickness is one cause of this. The majority of them intensely dislike having to live and work abroad. Rather few of them make any attempt to conceal this. And indeed however hard they tried, they would probably fail. Their discomfort is too acute not to be obvious.

For Americans, their experience at home has not been a good preparation for the novel enterprise of foreign service. For nearly a hundred years and up to World War I immigrants from all Europe poured into the United States, and it was the immigrant's business to come onto the Americans' ground, not the Americans' business to go even halfway to meet the immigrant. It was up to the immigrant to learn English and to adapt his way of life to the American way, and, in consequence, every foreigner now is, for an American, a potential immigrant, even when the American is meeting the foreigner in the foreigner's own country, as is happening on a vast scale today. Abroad, as at home, the American still expects to have English spoken to him and to have American living conditions laid on for him. He cannot face learning the language or eating the food of the country in which he is stationed. This may sound trivial but it is not. It is a crucial point in the cold war — the more so because the Russians seem to be showing themselves much more adaptable.

Americans on service abroad huddle together as the nineteenth-century British "colonies" in India used to do. They tend to live in a kind of self-imposed apartheid and their lifeline is the PX, a store run in a foreign country by the United States government in which American citizens and they alone can buy goods imported from America that are purchasable only with United States dollars. Homesick Americans posted abroad will buzz round the nearest PX like bees round a honeypot and like bees they will come from miles away to sip. I have known an American mother in Germany drive her children 120 miles to buy shoes for them in the largest of the PXs there, instead of walking round the block to buy them in the nearest German shoe store. I have known the wife of an American professor seconded to an Asian university to create good will buy all her food, bread included, at a PX 110 miles away. I have known the wife of an American tenant of my house in London buy all the food for her family in the PX there instead of walking round the corner to buy the things in the local shops whose addresses my wife had given her.

This American habit of living abroad in a state of siege is of course not deliberately intended to give offense. It is an instinctive and unconscious defensive reaction to the painful ordeal of expatriation. But inevitably it does give offense to the natives. It gives them the impression that Americans consider their goods to be unfit for American use and their food to be downright poison.

This is bad enough, but the trouble does not end there. For Americans American consumer goods are not just necessities of life. They are also symbols of American superiority, and they are rewards of free enterprise which guarantee both the reality of American freedom and its excellence. In advertising American freedom in these crude material terms, Americans do themselves and their way of life much less than justice. What is excellent about the American way of life is something non-material. It is American warmheartedness, generosity, drive and initiative. As for freedom, it is spiritual, not economic freedom that is instantly recognized and honored by all men, and here America is not quite invulnerable. It is more dangerous to air unpopular views in the United States than it is in say Scandinavia, Switzerland, Holland, France or Britain. A West European observer of American freedom might criticize it for being a bit out of balance. There is not quite enough of it, he might judge, in the spiritual field and there is decidedly too much of it in economics.

This second judgment would be endorsed from their own recent experience by at least some Asian peoples. In Pakistan, for instance, the present military government came in as a reaction against the gross abuse of free private economic enterprise by a small minority who found the opportunity to make excessive profits and seized this opportunity at the expense of the rest of their countrymen. Greed is of course one of the common failings of human nature, so the American conspicuous consumption of consumer goods does find imitators all over the world (probably not excluding Russia) among the few non-Americans who can afford it. But imitation is not the same thing as approval or admiration. And from samples of world opinion in Latin America, Asia and Europe my impression is that the extravagance of the material apparatus of the American way of life is not admired.

IT WAS A GOOD GAME

The news today
would indicate
There's little room
for doubt
That wrestling with
one's conscience
Is a sport
that's dying out

FRANCIS O'WALSH

Furthermore, as a gambit for American propaganda, this is a boomerang. Americans abroad are sometimes ill-advised enough to point out the contrast between the abundance of their own command of consumer goods and the relative scarcity of the same kind of goods in Russia. Here the Americans, without realizing it, are actually making first-class propaganda for their Russian competitors. Tell an Asian or African that he has simply to adopt the American way of life and then all will be well with him and his country. You are playing a very bad joke on him. You are telling him to do something that is utterly beyond his power. The most unsophisticated Asian or African realizes that. He is wondering where the next meal for his family is to come from and, beyond that, whether he can put a roof over their heads before the next monsoon, and, as a panacea for his ills, you tell him to have a bathroom in every bedroom suite, a refrigerator and a washing-up machine in his kitchen and a couple of cars in his garage. You are making brutal fun of his poverty, and he feels outraged.

The American propagandist is, of course, not dreaming of doing that. All the same, in the circumstances this is bound to be the effect on the mind of the Asian or African propagandee. If he is an educated man he will then go on to contrast the American way of life with the Russian way, and will come down heavily in the Russian way's favor. The American way, he will conclude, is "each for himself and the devil take the hindmost." The Russian way is to take care of the community as a whole, and to put first things first. The first needs of an economically backward Asian or African country are elementary capital goods in enormous quantities: concrete rim and lining for the village well, concrete paving for the village lanes, a dirt road to link the village up with the nearest metalled road, and (most dazzling dream of all) a village school. The educated man, thinking on a larger scale and in longer terms, dreams also of trunk roads, irrigation works, high schools and universities. But all alike feel that the first call on the people's economic energies is to equip the country with the capital goods that it needs. This is the road to national regeneration. It is a glorious enterprise and, if one is in earnest about it, one will tighten one's belt till the job is done. American-type consumer goods can wait. In other words, the way of life that seems both inspiring and practical to Asians and Africans in their present-day situation is not the American way but the Russian.

Economists (including American economists if they are frank) will add that America's freedom for extravagant individual consumption is bound to be only temporary. Its price is the rapid using up of irreplaceable materials (e.g. metals and oil) and the world's supply of these will not last long at this rate of consumption, even if America continues to be the only consumer on the American scale. If it were conceivable that the rest of the human race could really increase its consumption up to the present American level, the last reserves would be exhausted in a year or two. Fortunately for the welfare of mankind there is no possibility of this world-wide Americanization of effective economic demand. Even so, America's present standard of consumption cannot be kept up for very long, even if it continues to be confined to America. So if this were all that the American way of life really meant, the American way of life would have no future.

I myself believe that the American way of life has a future, because I believe that the essence of it is really something different. It is something, I believe, that existed and that was the making of America before she was overtaken by her present obsession with consumer goods. So when the material standard of American life falls, as it surely must fall eventually, the older spiritual standard need not fall with it. America's present craze for material comfort is a very recent fashion. The West was won without any of the present-day material apparatus of American life. It was won in wagons and log cabins, not in cars and bathroom suites. If the pioneers had been unable to get along without bathrooms, cars and concrete roads, the American frontier today would still be a mile or two west of Philadelphia.

Today America is engaged in a struggle for winning not just the west of her own continent but the world, and she can win — or at least hold her own — if she can recapture the spirit of her pioneers. What she needs today for staffing her educational and technical missions abroad is an order of dedicated lay monks who will care enough about their job to embrace a Franciscan poverty for the sake of it. If they will take the plunge of "going native" they will give themselves a chance of winning the natives' hearts. Then, and only then, they will be competing with the Russians on equal terms ★

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SHELL

Wall Street

continued from page 24

"Only the very naïve regard the exchanges as faithfully reflecting the law of supply and demand"

banking system — although it's licensed to do business only in New York City.

Wall Street's underwriters process the daily flow of new stock in companies spread all over the free world. The new financing averages twenty-eight million dollars a working day. Nearly all the sugar, coffee, silk, cotton, hides and metals sold in the U.S. move at prices set on the commodity exchanges of lower Wall Street.

Despite the decline of U.S. prestige in many other fields, to finance Wall Street remains the centre of the world — a symbol of enterprise at its finest.

To Americans, Wall Street paradoxically stands for the best and the worst in the capitalist system. The best because the universal American dream of quick riches can be (and sometimes actually is) realized by events on this street; the worst because in the past hundred years there have been twenty-five major panics on Wall Street, including the Great Crash that wiped out thirty billion dollars in stock values between October 24 and November 13, 1929.

Keith Funston, the $100,000-a-year president of the New York Stock Exchange, insists that to compare Wall Street today with the market excesses of thirty years ago is to deal in two distinct universes. "Here on Wall Street," he says, "we have a chance to help the country and help ourselves. It's a great opportunity." Despite the defense of the Street by Funston and many others, as recently as 1948 Harry Truman scored the most sensational upset of U.S. politics by railing against "the Republican gluttons of privilege who want a return of the Wall Street dictatorship." Nikita Khrushchev still insists on painting Wall Street as the master of Washington, and regularly condemns the U.S. government for acting as the agent of Wall Street.

Every country in the world is affected by decisions made on Wall Street, but Canada more than most. Wall Street has been the fountainhead of the U.S. investment funds that have been cascading into Canada at a gross rate of nearly three million dollars a day since 1947.

At the same time, few Canadian municipalities have not had at least part of their recent bills for new sewerage, waterworks, street paving or city hall construction paid with money raised along Wall Street. Ten million dollars' worth of Canadian provincial, municipal and corporate bonds and debentures were floated in an average week during 1959 by the Street's underwriters. "Canada can't get along without Wall Street," says Gordon V. Adams, chief New York agent for the Bank of Montreal. "New York is the only important money market we have in the western hemisphere — this is the place that calls the tune on the price of money."

Finance on such a scale makes Wall Street a separate, sometimes illogical world. The stock markets are no longer dominated by the actions of powerful individuals ("Morgan's buying into Steel!") but only the very naïve regard the exchanges as faithfully reflecting the law of supply and demand. The market leaped ahead at the news of Franklin Delano Roosevelt's death, and ten billion dollars was clipped from the quoted value of stocks on the New York Exchange in the week following Dwight Eisenhower's 1955 heart attack.

But the present masters of Wall Street are a breed quite different from the flamboyant financiers whose names dashed across the financial-page headlines a generation ago. The real powers on Wall Street today are, for the most part, quiet, unassuming, almost anonymous men. Their only connection with their predecessors seems to be that they're more often right than wrong in spotting in advance the price movement of stocks, and that they have a certain preference for punctuating their conversations with the point of a smoldering cigar. (They do not rest their cigars in special chrome holders mounted in the stalls of the Stock Exchange Lunch Club men's room, as folklore charges them with doing, not only because they are not pretentious men but also because there have never been cigar holders in the stalls.)

In contrast to their forerunners, most of the currently powerful Wall Streeters don't depend for their power on personal wealth. They are powerful because their advice moves to action other men who govern the buying and selling policies of the big investment funds and institutions. Their names mean little outside the financial district. Even on Wall Street few of them are well enough known to be recognized except by their own associates. These men include John Coleman, whose firm holds nine seats on the Big Board; Hugh Bullock, who runs the largest mutual fund management company on Wall Street; Samuel Stedman, whose ability to pick growth stocks is so well established that traders automatically buy into any issue he's known to favor; Christopher Devine, who is Wall Street's biggest dealer in government securities, sometimes handles daily transactions of $750 millions; and Dick Shields, who as the head of the Bankers Trust Company's research division probably directs the management of more investment money than any other man.

Although Wall Street is probably the best known street on earth, its physical dimensions are unimpressive. The twin battlements of its skyscrapers are huddled so near each other that the sun shines on some sections of the Street's surface less than fifty hours a year.

Because most of the buildings are tiered, you lose sight of the narrow pavement once you've ascended past the twentieth storey. This presented some difficulty for the candidates eager to leap out of their windows after the market crash of 1929. To jump they had to use axes on the lower floors. Above that there is a forest of spotless spires and they just couldn't be sure they would hit the pavement. Two men are supposed to have jumped hand in hand from their broker's office, where they had a joint account. During October and November of 1929 there were twenty-six hundred suicides in the U.S. (Not everybody jumped out of windows, though. The head of the bankrupt Rochester Gas and Electric Company [illegible] on his gas range.)

The most grisly memorial on Wall Street is the spray of pockmarks in the façade of Number 23, head office of J. P. Morgan & Company. The building's scars were inflicted on September 16, 1920, when just before noon a horse-drawn wagon pulled up near the squat structure. It exploded with a roar, shooting flames into the open windows of adjoining office buildings, burning men at their desks. The blast killed thirty-eight people and injured hundreds, but the man who set off the dynamite has never been identified.

The Morgan dynasty that inspired this kind of violence was once the mightiest personal force in American business. Junius Spencer Morgan, J. Pierpont Morgan's grandson, now helps to run J. P. Morgan & Company, although it ceased being a private bank in 1958 when the firm merged with the Guaranty Trust Company of New York. Morgan's is no longer a major influence in U.S. business, but the firm still has assets exceeding four billion dollars—more than twice Canada's annual defense budget.

Only three blocks below the Morgan bank, Wall Street disintegrates into small, grubby structures where sugar, coffee, cotton, hides and metals are traded on the commodity exchanges. The Street terminates at Pier Eleven on the East River. Here the pleasant tang of the coffee roasting houses gives way to the stench of the Fulton Fish Market a few blocks north. Pier Eleven was the landing dock for the Wall Street tycoons when they used to sail their yachts down from their estates on Long Island. There are few boats now, but there is a jetty used for the dozen or so Wall Street men who commute to work by seaplane.

It is on this dock that one of Wall Street's most often repeated remarks is supposed to have been made. During the market heyday of the Twenties a shopkeeper from Kansas City who had lost money on the stock market was being shown about Wall Street by his broker's New York representative. "This," the guide declared expansively, sweeping his hand over the many luxurious vessels anchored offshore, "is where the brokers keep their yachts." The visitor blinked, looked up, and shyly asked, "But where are the customers' yachts?"

Who gets the yachts is decided entirely by the tiny coded jottings on the ticker tape that clacks out of the New York and American Stock Exchange buildings at the rate of six [illegible] a day to seven thousand ticker machines in the brokerage houses.

More than a hundred Canadian stocks are listed on these exchanges. Some of the main listings, including Aluminium Limited, CPR, International Nickel and Canadian Breweries, are among the most active New York issues. But the high-level interest in Canadian mining shares has declined drastically since the bursting of the uranium bubble. The market push is now on U.S. domestic electronics and space stocks. The quotations of a Los Angeles firm specializing in space photography, for instance, have climbed from fifty cents to three hundred dollars in eighteen months.

Despite the general decline of interest

(Advertisement)

Discount Stamp Facts: No. 3

Do discount stamps benefit the consumer? This question is being widely debated throughout Canada today. The Sperry and Hutchinson Company of Canada, Limited, is publishing "Discount Stamp Facts," to help you to better understand the function of discount stamps, and to answer the above question to your own satisfaction. Below is the third in this series.

Some people may wonder how discount stamps can help but raise prices in stores that issue them. In deciding that, consider this: discount stamps are intended to attract customers. It's a basic fact of the retail business that no one buys from A, if he can buy the same goods cheaper from B. So, if a stamp plan made it necessary for a merchant to raise prices, he would actually lose customers. Now, you may wonder what pays for the stamp plan gift premiums, if the merchant doesn't raise his prices. The answer is that stamp plans increase total business. If the merchant's business increases by, say, 20%, his expenses of doing business may not increase by more than 15%. This improves his profit, and he's able to share this saving with his customers through gift premiums. The history of stamp plans in the U.S. has shown that they lower prices, in both the stores participating in the stamp plan, and in competing stores. That's because the competing stores have to lower prices to counter the attraction of the stamp plan.

Summary: Stamps can't raise prices, because a price increase drives business away. The purpose of stamps is to attract customers. Also, the history of stamp plans shows that they lower prices, even in stores not using them.

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DEMERARA OR JAMAICA

in Canadian stocks, the New York exchanges remain essential to our economy. Most of Canada's important listed equities are held up by Wall Street trading. On days when the New York exchanges are closed and the Canadian exchanges are open, the Canadian market seldom moves by itself but drifts, waiting for the next day's lead from Wall Street.

"It's impossible to overestimate the general importance of Wall Street in Canada," says Hugh Shaw, an executive of the Wall Street branch of A. E. Ames & Company, a large Canadian investment house. "Without American participation most of our markets would crumble. We lack the money and, to some extent at any rate, the requisite imagination and financial daring, to stand alone."

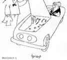
Fifteen Toronto and Montreal investment dealers maintain Wall Street branches, and five Canadian banks have offices on or just off Wall Street. The imposing skyscraper with a façade of polished granite that stands on the northeast corner of Wall and Broadway is owned by the Bank of Montreal. It's the largest building belonging to a foreign bank in the United States; eight of its floors are occupied by the Bank of Montreal's New York agency.

The Wall Street market attracts about half a billion dollars worth of Canadian provincial, municipal and corporate bond and debenture issues a year. The issues cross the border because most of the borrowers can obtain their funds at interest rates from a quarter to one percent below the equivalent on the Canadian money market. "Also, in the American market there are usually professional buyers at a price for almost any debt security, while in Canada, with fewer and smaller investing institutions, there is much less buying power for any but the major borrowers," says David Gill, manager of the institutional department of Nesbitt Thomson and Company Limited, a large Canadian underwriting house.

There really is a market for nearly every stock on Wall Street. Defaulted Imperial Russian government bonds, issued by the Czar at a hundred dollars and now trading for $2.75, are a specialty of the ironically named Carl Marks & Company. To those investors who laugh at Marks for collecting such obviously worthless pieces of paper, Marks simply points out that his firm two decades ago was in the business of buying Japanese securities then thought to be worthless and after the war made a huge profit on the transaction. Another company buys and sells about eleven million dollars worth of stocks a month on the New York and Toronto stock exchanges, making its profit solely by capitalizing on the slim price spread that sometimes occurs when there is a sudden heavy selling or buying in an issue at either end. The firm gets in a buy order at the cheap end and sells at the expensive end—all within seconds, using an open-end telephone line connecting the floors of the exchanges.

Probably the most unusual Wall Streeters are the authors of the many market letters that attempt to predict stock price movements. The less hardheaded chartmen will sometimes use phases of the moon, sunspots and the varying length of women's skirts to make their plots, but even the least occult members of the profession confess its limitations. "All theories are true part of the time; none of them all the time. They are therefore dangerous, though sometimes useful," one stock trend forecaster has commented. In a recent book on Wall Street Fred Schwed Jr. wrote that "The busted chart reader is never apologetic about his method. He is, if anything, more enthusiastic than the solvent devotee. If you have the bad taste to ask him how it happens that he is broke, he tells you quite ingenuously that he made the all-too-human error of not believing his own charts." The most widely known stock pundit is Roger Babson, who was almost alone in predicting the 1929 crash. Actually he had been forecasting a market disaster for several years before 1929—which, according to one Wall Street wit, just means he had been very wrong, until he suddenly became very right.

Why did it happen? Can it happen again? "No one was responsible for the great Wall Street crash," the Canadian-born Harvard economist John Kenneth Galbraith has written. "No one engineered the speculation that preceded it. Both were the product of the free choice and decision of hundreds of thousands of individuals. The latter were not led to the slaughter. They were impelled to it by the seminal lunacy which has always seized people who are in turn seized with the notion they can become very rich."



'It's missing'

Nearly all the economists who have studied the 1929 disaster agree that another crash on the same scale is no longer likely. Many risks remain in the purchase of common stock, but the element of gambling that brought on the wild speculation that in turn set the stage for the 1929 crash has been curbed by the drastically tightened laws of the exchanges themselves and by Washington's Securities and Exchange Commission. The New York Stock Exchange's regulations are so strict that floor traders may only walk, rather than run, to a trading post, no matter how hot their tip. Another factor for stability is the increase in margin requirements. During the Twenties you could buy stock by depositing as little as five percent of its value; now you must pay seventy percent cash. "There are standards now, standards of excellence and ethics, where once there was only honor among thieves," according to Martin Mayer, a chronicler of Wall Street manners.

Because of the many conventions, rules and devices, Wall Street has lost some of its fervor, but the district has managed to retain nearly all its financial dominance. "Few major financings are made in the United States where the deal isn't signed on or near Wall Street," says Ivor Murray, director and New York manager of Nesbitt, Thomson's U.S. affiliate.

Though some New York banks have

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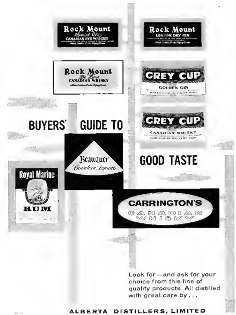
moved their headquarters away from Wall Street to uptown addresses, the Chase Manhattan Bank recently put up a new headquarters just north of Wall Street that has the highest assessment value of any building in New York—$69 million compared with $46 million for the Empire State Building. Rents for quality office space on Wall Street run at about [illegible] dollars a square foot, nearly three times as much as comparable accommodation on mid-town Fifth Avenue.

Only half a dozen cities in Canada have a population greater than the three hundred thousand men and women who daily pour in and out of the sunless square mile of the Wall Street financial district.

During the noon hour Wall Street is invaded by sidewalk hawkers and white-robed itinerant preachers in their capital, [illegible] on the resident spirit of acquisitiveness and condemning it.

By four o'clock a procession of chauffeur-piloted Cadillacs, Lincolns and Rolls Royces sweeps down Wall Street to carry home its masters. As they await their loads the chauffeurs slouch by their limousines, puffing cigars and chatting about the stock market. An hour later the wave of workers descends from the skyscrapers and disappears lemming-like through the narrow chasms of the subway entrances.

At night stray cats come down from the fish market. As if to demonstrate that only the very cautious should enter here, the cliff-dwelling hawks that cling by day to the Wall Street skyscrapers swoop down to catch the unwary pigeons roosting along the buildings' lower spires. ★



BUYERS' GUIDE TO GOOD TASTE

Look for—and ask for your choice from this line of quality products. All distilled with great care by . . .

ALBERTA DISTILLERS, LIMITED

Fads: the froth on the face of America

Continued from page 29

The Trampoline Rebound Tumbling Association organized by Wolf lays down standards of ethics for the park operators. Their employees must wear an armband inscribed Certified Rebound Tumbling Supervisor. The supervisors are urged by the association's manual to "create a happy cultural atmosphere," to "make an attempt to remember every customer's name," to "give balloons to small children who cry when they must leave the park," and to "celebrate customers' anniversaries with an announcement over the loudspeaker and have the crowd wish them a happy birthday."

Each park operator becomes an agent for the sale of trampolines to private buyers at a hundred and seventy-five dollars and up. In the past twelve months three hundred dentists have bought them. Other proud owners are Vice-President Richard Nixon, Yul Brynner and Keiller Mackay, the lieutenant-governor of Ontario. Still another is ex-King Farouk. Says Wolf: "King Farouk is a most ardent rebound tumbler. On the trampoline he looks like an enormous planet lazily somersaulting through space. It says much for the strength of the Nissen Trampoline that no special reinforcement was necessary for His Majesty's bulk."

For junior-grade Mosses, go-karts

While millions of Americans now solemnly leave their shoes, glasses and false teeth in trampoline park check rooms, a smaller but still impressive number are living more dangerously. The sports car has imbued thousands with a passion to drive like Stirling Moss. And since they cannot all afford a racing Maserati, Jaguar or Alfa Romeo, swelling squads of motor-sport fans are buying go-karts.

These vehicles — the most diminutive of all midget hot rods — are sold by fifty-odd American manufacturers for between a hundred and fifty and seven hundred dollars apiece. Last summer a hundred thousand goggled and crash-helmeted drivers ranging in age from six to sixty were snarling around U.S. athletic tracks or courses laid out on rented supermarket parking lots. Although many drivers drove homemade go-karts, propelled by old cottage sump-pump engines, they reached speeds as high as ninety miles an hour. Since their bucket seats are rarely more than three inches above the ground, the illusion of greater speeds is impressive. After two laps in a go-kart, Sam Hanks, a leading American driver of conventional racing cars, said: "This is the most exciting [illegible] I've ever driven."

The Go-Kart Club of America and the Grand Prix Kart Club of America, two recently established organizations, are struggling earnestly to get the fuss — and the go money — under control. Because there were five fatalities last year they want rules that limit six-year-old drivers to thirty miles an hour and twelve-year-olds and sixty-year-olds to seventy-five miles an hour. Despite the criticism over age and speed limits the sport has spread to the United Kingdom where its enthusiasts include Princess Margaret and Antony Armstrong-Jones.

It was originated in 1956 by one Art Ingels, a Los Angeles mechanic, who attached a power mower engine to a tiny aluminum chassis mounted on small rubber-tired wheels. One result of Ingels' inspiration is the death of that famous American institution, the annual soapbox derby. "Nowadays," says an official of the Go-Kart Club of America, "the kids think that the unpowered cars of the soapbox derby are for sissies."

To prove they are not sissies some three thousand other Americans took part last summer in the growing American fun of sky diving. This involves jumping out of an aircraft at ten thousand feet and performing a series of free-fall manoeuvres during the descent.

In competition sky diving among some hundred U.S. and fourteen Canadian clubs, the participants have little time for anxiety. During the first five seconds of free fall they must watch out for one of three signals flashed from the ground. Yellow, green and red signals require them to slip immediately into different combinations of manoeuvres defined by such terms as left and right turns, the backward loop, the Stable Spread and the Full Delta.

By holding his arms and legs in different positions an expert sky-diver can execute six manoeuvres in fifteen seconds. While swooping and somersaulting he must keep his eye on an instrument panel that is strapped to his chest, a panel containing an altimeter and a stopwatch. After twelve seconds and a fall of 1,483 feet the sky-diver knows that he's reached terminal velocity, or a speed of a hundred and twenty miles an hour. After about thirty seconds, or when he's 2,000 feet above ground, he must [illegible] a mandatory sixth roll and pull the ripcord of his parachute. If the main parachute fails to open, he pulls the ripcord of a reserve chute. Then by pulling the cords that open air vents in the canopy he can steer himself straight toward the drop zone for the final test, the precision landing. The best officially recorded landing was at this summer's world competition in Bulgaria — dead on the target after the execution of six stunts.

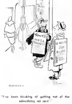
The late Leo Valentin, a Frenchman who believed that man could turn himself into a "low-efficiency glider," originated the sport in 1951 and saw its beginning in the United States in 1955. A couple of years ago, shortly before the first Canadian clubs were formed, Valentin was killed. He jumped out of an aircraft and tried to fly with wooden wings.

Another illustration of a general yearning in the United States to get one's feet off the ground is the widespread school of Photographic Jumpology. Ever since last November, when a U.S. photographer, Philippe Halsman, published Jump Book, a folio of pictures of celebrities in the act of vigorous vertical leaps, photo developing studios have been swamped with amateur shots of ordinary folk bounding skyward.

Among the people who jumped for Halsman were Richard Nixon, Adlai Stevenson, Thomas Dewey, Marilyn Monroe, Audrey Hepburn, Brigitte Bardot and the Duke and Duchess of Windsor, the last-named performing in their stocking feet.

The exertion implicit in Jumpology gave Halsman a chance to record many arresting expressions. Halsman explains in his book: "In a burst of energy the subject overcomes gravity. He cannot also control all his muscles. The mask falls. The real self becomes visible."

What also becomes visible in the case of many women subjects — and especially so in the case of Halsman's shot of Princess Grace of Monaco — is an extensive view of the thighs. The element



"I've been thinking of getting out of the advertising rat race"

PORTRAIT OF A CANADIAN IN OIL

It's good to see a fellow Canadian attain distinction in a chosen field!
In the oil industry no symbol is more respected than the White Rose . . . and no symbol
represents a more truly Canadian company. To our country's motorists
White Rose stations from the Rockies to the Atlantic offer the satisfaction of obtaining
top quality petroleum products and of benefiting Canada's basic economy.

CANADIAN OIL
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All Canadian from the word GO!

After the Duke of Kent's picture appeared, bowler hat sales shot up to 8,000 a week from 300 a year

adds to serious psychological study of the pictures a certain physiological piquance and it may account for the prolonged popularity of Jumpology.

But obviously no such explanation can account for the revival of another new fashion — the old-fashioned bowler hat which has never gone out in London but in North America has not been seen off the vaudeville stage for thirty years. This winter American executives will be wearing the bowler hat again with that same respect for conformity that prompted many of them to wear a straw boater last summer.

The bowler, designed originally as a riding helmet for equestrians, has been selling like tomato ketchup in the United States ever since May 1959. In that month pictures of the young Duke of Kent, a subaltern in a Guards regiment, were published by many U.S. newspapers. They showed Kent and two bespectacled brother officers embarking at London airport for their train in Germany. Each wore a bowler and carried an umbrella. In addition each carried a fedora. A captain explained that in England these downy-cheeked warriors could feel conspicuous without bowlers and that in Continental Europe they would find companions with them. They were prepared to change hats during the flight.

Kent's picture sent up sales of the bowler in the United States from eight hundred a year to three thousand a week and even spawned clubs like the Downtown Bowler Club of Toledo, Ohio.

The continued popularity of the attaché case among U.S. executives is more difficult to explain. When I was in New York a few weeks ago digging into the beginnings of these social phenomena, I kept pondering: "But I carried my lunch in one of those attaché cases when I was a small boy forty years ago. What impels New York's men of distinction to employ such an anachronism?"

"It's a mystery," said a salesman at Abercrombie & Fitch, the fashionable outfitters on Madison Avenue. "Two years ago our customers started asking for flat attaché cases and since then these have outsold ordinary briefcases by about five to one. I suspect it's an undercover promotion job on the part of those distillers who sell whisky and gin in flat bottles."

A & F's salesman said that U.S. executives can't be galled by the increasing number of elevator operators and office boys who now bring their lunch to work in attaché cases. In consequence a new attaché case, still flat but fatter, has been devised. It's been put beyond the platoon pocket by the inclusion of a built-in typewriter. "The day will come," said the A & F salesman, "when our homes will sound like insurance company offices as all the executives about emphasize the value of their time by typing up reports and memos."

Plus Fours to snore stoppers

For sixty-eight years Abercrombie & Fitch has combined the role of a sporting-goods and haberdashery store with that of a new novelty shop. While many customers buy big-game hunting, Arctic exploring or trans-continental ballooning equipment, others go to A & F for such rarities as sheepskin jackets, pumpkin drinking bottles, two-humped camel saddles, bulletproof vests, hoods and jesses for falcons, game on parkashes, nine-nippled feeding bottles for orphaned kittens, treadmills for the exercise of shut-in dogs and an automatic snore stopper called the Turn Over Darling.

From time to time one of A & F's curiosities inflames the public imagination and overnight becomes a national obsession. In 1921 a customer asked for an obscure Chinese game named mah jong, a sort of mixture of chess and dominoes. A & F was flummoxed. But its emissaries ransacked the Chinese quarter of New York and came up with a set. Intrigued by the beauty of the ivory playing tiles and the intricacies of the rules, A & F tradesmen figured that if they fostered mah jong demand for it would snowball. A buyer was dispatched to China with a large letter of credit. In the next two years the store sold twelve thousand mah jong sets, ranging in price from sixteen to three hundred dollars, and watched the game transport the entire western world into an Oriental trance.

In 1924 A & F exhibited a pair of knickerbockers named Plus Fours. They were based on a design favored by British infantry officers toward the end of World War I. A & F suggested that the civilian version might make suitable wear for golfers. The Prince of Wales — now the Duke of Windsor — sent for a pair and was photographed wearing them on the first tee at St Andrews. Within six months Plus Fours were *de rigueur* on the fairways of every golfing country. Over the years the legs of the Plus Fours got baggier and baggier until early in the Thirties they began to resemble the pantaloons of French Zouaves. At this point the Beau Brummells of sport reversed the trend. The legs got scantier and scantier until in the middle Thirties, like the old soldiers who first had favored them, they simply faded away.

But golfers remained notoriously susceptible to the appeal of newfangled merchandise. Today they are buying by the thousand a device called the Clink Stick. It resembles a golf club minus the club head. In a cylindrical base is a spring and weight mechanism which when a practice stroke is made simulates the feel of a conventional club. When an accurate and powerful stroke is made there's a pronounced clink and the golfer despite the absence of a ball gets the sensation of a perfect drive. Last summer thousands watched demonstrations of the Clink Stick at New York's Grand Central station. It is now common all over the United States to see commuters carrying Clink Sticks and making practice strokes while waiting for homebound trains. An A & F salesman told me quietly: "We are thinking of asking the manufacturers to produce a stick with a less audible clink for the benefit of those executives who do not wish to betray their after-hours practice to their secretaries."

Although golf remains popular in the U.S. it now faces a formidable rival. During the past two years boating has increased two thousand percent and drawn an ever-swelling throng down the road from the golf club to the yacht club.

In consequence A & F has opened a marine supplies department. On being transferred to this department recently Ray Logan, a senior employee, soon discovered that the absence of a telephone in the average yacht was seriously complicating social life afloat. So he designed a set of signal flags that is now stimulating or discouraging the gregarious instincts of yachtsmen from Nantucket to Santa Catalina.

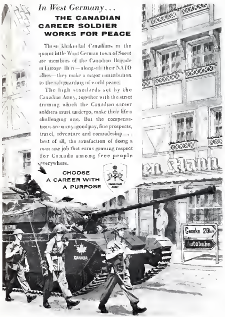
A red cocktail glass on a white flag is an open invitation to Monkey's Blood. A foaming yellow stein on blue means that passing helmsmen are welcome to wet their whistles with beer. A red battle-axe on blue warns that the owner's wife is aboard and unexpected callers must exercise discretion as to the marital status of their companions. Two white rabbits mousing on a field of blue indicate that a siesta is in progress and that the partners wish to remain undisturbed. A red-tongued black wolf rampant on white signifies that the yacht's master is alone and starving for the company of female passengers.

Even more phenomenal than the drift toward the yacht club has been the American trek to the suburbs. In the greenbelts the latest expression of interior architecture is the conversation pit. It's a cylindrical hole sunk into the living room floor and lined with broadloom. The idea is that guests inclined to serious discourse sit in a circle around the edge of the pit puffing their pipes or tossing their lengthy locks while the Philistines prattle standing up or lolling in chairs and sofas.

At cocktail parties in the United States it is no longer the mode to make tape recordings of the orators, mental imitators and charmers. Arbiters of taste now deem this practice to be just as archaic as swallowing goldfish, cutting off men's neckties at the knot, sawing through the legs of the host's grand piano and other social graces of the Thirties. Several more diversions that recently were in style are now dubbed square by up-to-date Americans. The word game Scrabble, for example, has no more devotees today than Monopoly, a game of make-believe high finance that was played wistfully during the Depression. And the Hula Hoop, which mesmerized the most unlikely adults into a brief bout of belly-dancing in 1958, is now as moribund as those once-famous string and bobbin toys the Yo-yo and the Diabolo.

The demise of these pastimes and playthings does not mean that the United States — bowed as it is under the responsibilities of leadership — has lost its relish for novelty. Far from it.

On the part of the new suburbanites there is a strong desire for the trappings of the landed gentry. One symbol of



In West Germany . . .

THE CANADIAN CAREER SOLDIER WORKS FOR PEACE

These khaki-clad Canadians in the quaint little West German town of Soest are members of the Canadian Brigade in Europe. Here — alongside their NATO allies — they make a major contribution to the safeguarding of world peace.

The high standards set by the Canadian Army, together with the strict training which the Canadian career soldiers must undergo, make their life a challenging one. But the compensations are many: good pay, fine prospects, travel, adventure and comradeship . . . best of all, the satisfaction of doing a man size job that earns growing respect for Canada among free people everywhere.

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Fleetwood
TELEVISION · HI-FIDELITY
MODEL 23-605 TV CONSOLE

Your own good judgment will confirm what any expert can tell you — that Fleetwood offers you more for your money . . . in 23" big-screen performance, beautiful cabinetry, lasting long-lived reliability. And Fleetwood's power-packed engineering embodies every major advance in TV technology, so you're years ahead with a Fleetwood set. We put more into your Fleetwood. You'll get more out of it!

FLEETWOOD CORPORATION · MONTREAL

breeding and serenity that Abercrombie & Fitch is selling throughout the United States is a weathervane that costs between a hundred and seventy-five and three hundred dollars. This gilded and colored wind-direction indicator, mounted on the roof or chimney, imparts to the most modest suburban home a hint of tweedy affluence. Most of the weather vanes are distinguished by the figure of a crowing cockerel. But a popular one carries the figure of a jockey and racehorse. In selling this A & F salesmen have found it profitable to flatter the prospective purchasers by murmuring deferentially, "If you wish, sir, the jockey's silks may be painted in your own racing colors."

As the weathervane wanes as a mark of prestige, the automobile seems to wax. Knowing this, A & F is doing a thriving business in an item called the Bull Horn. When a lever is depressed lightly the Bull Horn emits a smoldering, malignant growl. On a sharper press of the lever the horn utters churlish noise that sounds like the words "Mo-O-O-O-ve O-v-E-E-r." When the lever is struck immediately the horn gives throat to the barrel-chested bellow of an enraged bull. Dogs scatter. Birds whirr away. Small boys fall off bicycles. The knees of nearby drivers turn to jelly. "The Bull Horn," says an A & F salesman, "gives a blissful relief to the pent-up wrath of traffic-jam drivers. We sell about a thousand a week. Recently I sold one to a clergyman."

A more endearing motor horn that is now moving rapidly off the shelves at Abercrombie & Fitch is a reproduction of the earliest rubber-bulb and brass-bugle variety. "It is made for us especially in India," said a salesman. "We keep an entire factory going." When I asked why it was made in India the salesman said, "Because the manufacturers on this continent just cannot believe that it sells. They're in a rut."

The salesman regretted with a shake of the head that the American public has not yet succumbed in large numbers to the nostalgic charm of a motor horn that imitates the mournful wail of the old steam locomotive.

Along Madison Avenue it is impossible to predict what the rage will be next year except, perhaps, among the college crowd.

Intelligence from the campus indicates that American students have resumed this fall the sport of squashing as many males as possible into a telephone booth. Last year the best American squeeze was achieved by St. Mary's, a California college which succeeded in crowding twenty-two men into a standard Bell telephone booth. Massachusetts Institute of Technology won second place with a pack of nineteen men. Following this feat an MIT student said: "The mathematics of this problem is challenging and the round-up of the compliant and undersized freshmen who are essential to victory calls for great patience, persistence and persuasive power. The practical side of the stacking must be carried out by a tough-minded manager. I predict that the stuffing of telephone booths with students' bodies will flourish in American universities until one of them has beaten the world's record."

The world's record of twenty-five men to a booth is held by the University of Natal in South Africa, the originator of the sport. Last year Natal introduced another university sport and set a record that many American students will try to beat during the next semester. Its name is bed racing and it involves the use of a wheeled hospital cot containing a female patient. In establishing standards of performance, four Natal students — one to each bedpost — pushed their patient over a measured twenty miles of blacktop highway in three hours, fifteen minutes and forty-six seconds.

Anticipating American competition, Natal drew up careful bed-racing rules. Starting gate and finishing post must be at precisely the same distance above sea level so that downhill advantages will be neutralized by equal uphill handicaps. The patient must be an acknowledged belle, preferably a beauty contest winner, and must weigh not less than a hundred and ten pounds in her nightie. The cot must be equipped with orthodox bed linen. To enliven the sport with meteorological uncertainty a fourth rule says that the linen may be used as a sail to exploit the power of a following wind.

Writing to brothers in Canada of the forthcoming attempt to beat the Natal record, an American fraternity says: "We shall observe the Natal rules. The inventors of so dexterous a sport are entitled to the courtesy." ★

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taste
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The incredible women of Madison Avenue

continued from page 23

"I always answer a question, whether I know the answer or not," says a model-agency boss

engagement for a dress manufacturer rarely left her office before eight-thirty at night. Geraldine Stutz became president of the five-million-dollar Henri Bendel specialty store in 1957 and hasn't had a Saturday off since.

Eileen Ford, at thirty-eight head of the world's leading model agency, which earns a quarter of a million dollars annually from such stunning wraiths as Suzy Parker, regularly works a ten-hour day and is so intent on her profession that she is studying German in order to read the captions under the fashion pictures in German magazines. "We get all the European magazines and I've already learned French and Italian," she remarked, "but it drives me crazy that I can't understand the German ones."

She also heads a male model agency, has launched a cosmetic business, does a weekly radio show on beauty hints, writes a monthly column on the subject for a newspaper supplement, is studying jazz ballet to improve her co-ordination and takes a sewing course along with one of her four children. She added: "I wrote a short story last weekend; maybe I'll take a course in it this winter. I always take a few night courses at the university every year."

"Never say you can't do it"

At the time of the interview five tanned models were lying at her home, the cook not unexpectedly had quit. Mrs. Ford, an attractive breezy gamine girl with a boyish grin, works in a bilateral dishevelled cubicle that is the only connecting passage between the long, confused office, where secretaries labor over billing machines, and the pandemonium of the telephone room at the back, a jumble of switchboards, banks of telephones with direct lines to leading magazines and racks of appointment cards for some seventy models.

Eileen Ford keeps both doors of her office open so that she can chat brightly with visitors, her help can holler requests at her.

"My mother was a model," she explains, "at a time when it was really disgraceful to be one."

"Eileen," shouts an employee, "where should Sandra have her hair done?"

"Ingrid at Rubinstein's or Ralph at Daché," yells Mrs. Ford, turning her voice. "It just never occurred to me, never occurred to my mother, that I wouldn't work."

"How much should a model five foot eight weigh?" calls another employee.

"One fifteen or sixteen," answers Mrs. Ford loudly. A wispy giant model strolls in, her hair mechanized in giant rollers. "I need black eye shadow, Eileen," she says. "Where can I get it?" "I never heard of such a thing," muses Mrs. Ford. She ponders. "Try Gray's drugstore, you know where it is? They have theatrical makeup, a kind of black vaseline. That'll do it."

The model exits happily. "When I'm asked a question," observes Mrs. Ford cheerfully, "I *always* answer it, whether I know the answer or not. That's how you get to be an authority."

Something of the same gutsy philosophy was recommended by Harriet La Barre, a small hazel woman who is articles editor of Cosmopolitan and one of the few of her sex ever advanced to a high position in the tough Hearst organization. "Never say you don't know how, that you can't do something you're asked to do," she advises. An editor once told her she was the new poetry editor and would write a page of poems every month. She had never written poetry in her life, rarely had even read it. "Yes," she then said calmly. "We'll start," he instructed her, "with a villanelle." "Right," she replied staunchly.

"I went home and looked it up," she then related. "I had a villanelle written by nine o'clock the next morning. It's a game, this working in which you never admit there is anything you can't do."

Harriet La Barre's age can be judged to be in the neighborhood of thirty

"I just had to phone...my new room is terrific, mother. And it's so nice and convenient to the office and stores. Yes, I'll be home for the long week-end."

LONG DISTANCE gives you so much for so little

For instance, June's call to her mother 100 miles away cost only .65c for 3 minutes, after 6 p.m.

TRANS-CANADA TELEPHONE SYSTEM

Canada's major telephone companies, united to send your voice across Canada, around the world.

thousand a year, an amount derived only in part from her salary. She also writes an article a month for her magazine, edits a beauty page and writes a column on beauty, must come up with five story ideas a week and writes for other publications under such impish pseudonyms as T. R. McCoy (The Real McCoy), E. M. D. Watson (Elementary My Dear Watson) and Elizabeth Henni ("You just have to believe what's written by a name like that").

Nevertheless she mourns, "I feel so inefficient. I keep wondering why does it take me so long to do these things?"

Others wonder only why this specimen new breed of women works itself hollow-eyed, lunges so longingly at more responsibility, more pressure. All denied that high income was the incentive. One charming woman, in a probing, halting effort to explain herself, revealed that she had been despised by her parents as a child and made to feel ugly. She emerged from school so intimidated she flinched at meeting people. She therefore plunged into work, as another woman might have plunged into alcoholism.

Another executive woman described in a flat voice how her father kept an itemized running account of every penny it cost him to raise her. She determined never again to be indebted to anyone, a vow she has kept in spades—her income is three times that of her husband. Rose Tobias, a warm, slangy blonde who is casting director for David Susskind's Talent Associates, a television show production house, was prodded in the beginning by her mother's habit of referring to her as "poor Rose." Raised in a Bronx tenement slum, Rose Tobias, now considered the best casting director in the business, used to ride the subway to her garment factory job and look at the faces around her. "I figured there had to be a better way to live, there *had* to be."

Miss Tobias achieved her better life—her last vacation was nine weeks in Spain chumming part of the time with Siobhan McKenna — by developing a catalogue recall of plays and movies. Directors have only to name a play and she can reel off the legal conditions surrounding its rights and which scenes have the fewest actors. A producer once called her from Indo-China to ask the name of a then unknown actor he had seen in a movie a year before. He named the movie and vaguely described the minor role. Replied Rose crisply, "That's Anthony Perkins."

"I'm rarely wrong about talent," she grins, "except that I once sent James Dean away. And I picked Chrise Plummer for his last movie role, Heaven Forgive. He's a great actor but he'll never make it in movies. His contempt shows."

Grey mouse to butterfly

Each of the topwomen has earned a right to a mountaintop by sheer, flaring ability. Gerry Stutz of Bendel's was made general manager of sixteen I. Miller shoe stores when she was thirty-one. Under her sales rose twenty percent. Two years later the parent company of both the shoe stores and Henri Bendel gave her the forty-thousand-a-year job of being a store president. It was no plum — Bendel's was a million dollars in the red. "A flattened grey mouse of a store," Gerry Stutz describes it. "The dresses were mostly less than svelte—sizes fourteen, sixteen and eighteen, that gives you an idea of the customers." Now Bendel's is transformed. Its formerly barnlike main floor is broken cozily by a white marble street down the middle, banked on either side by eight tiny boutique shops, each a luxury store in itself. The dresses are sizes eight, ten and twelve and there is something in New York called "the Bendel look," an over-all gloss of high fashion and chic which is exactly the Gerry Stutz look. This year, for the first time in nearly a decade, Bendel's will break even.

Another of the miracle women, Olive Plunkett, vice-president of one of the world's largest advertising agencies, Batten Barton Durstine & Osborn, heads a seventeen-million-dollar account, du Pont Fibers. A tall, angular, soft-mannered woman, she explains her success diffidently. "I started here at the time when nylon was just a baby and I've grown up with it, that's all." Her fifty-thousand-dollar-a-year salary (a guess) is earned, however, by such displays of extra-sensory acumen as anticipating the boom in tinted hosiery. She also helped some years ago to swerve the bulking trend in knitted suits from wool to orlon and dacron.

The reputation of another fifty-thousand-a-year woman, photographer Lillian Bassman, began with an assignment other fashion photographers would have been insulted to be offered — lingerie. "Lingerie had always been photographed in the style of mail-order catalogue corset ads," recalls the tiny, busty, vivid Miss Bassman. "They used tough, gamy women and the manufacturers were thinking of changing their ads from pictures to drawings. When I got the job, I went out and hired ethereal, gentle-looking models and photographed them looking soft and dreamy, in a diffused light."

The photographs were a sensation and Lillian Bassman has ever since been regarded as one of the handful of great fashion photographers. Her style remains as it began: romantic, hazy and pinkly feminine. When she speaks of her work her diamond-shaped face glows. "I never lose my temper with a model. You need to keep models feeling marvelous and wonderful and beautiful so you work soothingly, trying to get them to relax and respond. If you can't, the session is exhausting. But when you can, when you have what you wanted, it's as well as a physical pleasure."

Harriet La Barre, who talks of a similar exhilaration that comes when she finishes an article, describes it as "being alive to an inch beyond your fingertips."

But Lillian Bassman, despite such giddy peaks of total feeling, struggles everlastingly with the savage problem of imbalance in her marriage. Her husband, Paul Himmel, is, according to other photographers, distinctly a less able photographer than she—and they share studio space. "It's very tricky," she commented quietly. "For a while I considered quitting so there wouldn't be the contrast. But that is a solution that is no solution at all."

The difficulty eased, she feels, when her confidence in herself matured sufficiently so she could trust motherhood. Her children are now seven and nine — she and Himmel married in their mid-teens twenty-eight years ago. "Now I find such pride in myself being a mother that everything has fallen into place. There isn't as much strain on the marriage any more."

Eileen Ford observed that preserving her marriage is "the hardest thing I do." Her husband, Jerry Ford, a former football star, is employed by the model agency, which is plural in its title, The Fords, but singular in its management. "In essence," admitted Eileen, "I'm the boss. But Jerry is a great help. He organized our booking system himself and planned the whole office." She conducted a tour of the elaborate switchboard arrangement and gently new mammoth business machines. "These are Jerry's toys," she announced with flat eyes. "I guess they're his escape."

Another of the Madison Avenue Women insisted that her success "pleased and amused" her husband.

She added thoughtfully, "I have to be careful, though. I wouldn't accept a chance to be vice-president of my firm, for instance. That would well upset things."

Margaret Carson, whose agency has handled the publicity for enterprises as varied as the Metropolitan Opera Company and Margaret Truman's wedding, found working with her husband a catastrophe. "I even stayed home and turned the agency over to him," she related. "It didn't work out. I couldn't go on artificially pretending he was more competent than he really was." They are now divorced.

The situation with children is equally touchy. All the mothers claim their children "come first," and all speak warmly of the "quality" of the time spent with them. "I never say that I'm glad to get rid of the kids, like I hear from other mothers. Why, we plan our lives around our children," Eileen Ford remarked, adding ruefully, "But still I have a Dr. Spock guilt conscience. He gave it to me."

"I tried taking the children to Central Park," commented Lillian Bassman. "They just left me sitting on a bench and went off and played. I figured I could hire someone to sit on the bench just as well, so I went back to work. I think I'm a more stimulating, better mother because of it."

Margaret Carson, a woman luxuriously less tense than most of her contemporaries, observed, "I don't give myself a bad time with guilt. I just announced to my own children that they weren't going to be products of a broken home or juvenile delinquents or anything like that. I try to attend their school functions, but if I can't, I can't. That's that." She was rewarded recently when her daughter flung her arms around her and said, "Good old mom. She's always there when you need her." Beamed Mrs. Carson, "It was the nicest thing anyone has ever said to me."

But Ruth West, one of New York's crack copywriters and writer for the Irish Revlon account, warned: "Working mothers bear a great deal of guilt, a great deal." Her grown daughter, a newsmagazine editor, "hates her mother too much," according to her worried mother. The daughter is finding herself unable to trust marriage and has broken several engagements. "She's going to a psychiatrist now," said Ruth West in a matter-of-fact tone, "so you can see she is coping with her problem."

Virginia Stith, the fashion editor who is about to marry, remarked wanly, "I'm

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GELETT BURGESS BROUGHT UP TO DATE FOR WORLDLY-WISE READERS

I've never seen a purple cow
But I suspect a free one
Would be commercialized somehow
So I'd be charged to see one.

JAMES E. LONG

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All across Canada lawyers, doctors, businessmen and other busy people are finding that Investors Mutual is the best investment for them!

Through Investors Mutual you can become part owner of more than 100 diversified securities offering reasonable dividend income and the possibility of excellent capital gain.

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Me a sommelier?
No sir, I just buy the wines I like!

You don't have to be a "knowledgeable custodian of a wine cellar" to appreciate this cellar of nine fine Canadian wines! These are the most popular wines in Canada, appealing to every taste, wines "right" for any occasion, good with any food!

A Dry Vermouth
You can pay more, but can't get a finer Dry Vermouth than this. A must for Martinis and Gibsons too.

B Mazel Tov
A rich kosher-style wine yet light and sweet—even if you don't like wine—you'll find Mazel Tov delicious.

C President Champagne
Canada's pride Champagne—a celebrated wine for celebrated occasions.

D 74 Port
A delightful dessert wine. With cookies or with cheese and crackers—perfect!

E Sweet Vermouth
19 imported herbs go into its making. Getting more popular as the recipe and essential for Manhattan lovers.

F Manor St. David's Red
By far the most popular red table wine in Canada—perfect for steaks, hamburgers—red meat of any kind.

G Dubarry Sparkling Vin Rosé
A fun wine—rosy and sparkling with a thin glass light and tingling on the tongue. Where fun abounds pour Dubarry.

H Manor St. David's White
Chilled, there's nothing that's more at home with a fish or fowl dinner.

J 74 Sherry
Smooth and mellow, it's the ideal appetizer wine. Serve with hors d'oeuvres and the soup course.

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Life, health, home, car—no matter what insurance protection you need (business or personal)—The Travelers can supply it.

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This is umbrella protection, the modern way to own insurance. Why not talk it over with The Travelers man. You'll find him listed in the Yellow Pages.

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Scotch Whisky Distillers Wm. Sanderson & Son Ltd. Leith.

FINEST SCOTCH WHISKY

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DISTILLERS. LEITH, SCOTLAND.
DISTILLED, BLENDED AND BOTTLED IN SCOTLAND

dying to have children. I can hardly wait to dress them up. But taking care of them twenty-four hours a day — I don't know if I'll be able to do it."

The Madison Avenue Women agreed that much of their lofty triumph has been due to the realization that women control household budgets. "They want us, not in spite of the fact that we are women," Ruth West explained, "but because we are women. As an example, she cited the magazine Sports Illustrated. "It was in trouble because it wasn't attracting women's ads, and you know the bulk of all advertising is aimed at women." The magazine hired Ruth, along with four other women, to have lunch once a month with founder Henry Luce and his editors and make suggestions to attract women readers. The fee was five hundred dollars apiece, "plus a fine lunch," added Ruth blissfully.

The highest paid writing jobs in an ad agency," commented Doris Ostreat, a young copywriter with J. Walter Thompson on the cosmetic account, "They pay between twenty and fifty thousand a year — and the writers are always women. Men do the cigarette and drug accounts."

"In the past fourteen years, since I started in the agency," added Olive Plunkett, the BBD&O vice president, "there has been great recognition for women. Years ago women were invited not to go to policy meetings, we made the client nervous, it was felt. I haven't heard that kind of remark in eight years."

The ratio of women at Miss Plunkett's agency used to be one for every fifteen to twenty men; now it is one for every three or four men. Starting salary for a woman with some outside experience is ten thousand dollars.

Remarked the man who made Gerry Stutz a store's president: "Fashion is a woman's business, therefore a woman should be head of Bendel's."

The new moneyed pedestal for working women has resulted in a plentiful standard of living. Gerry Stutz has a French maid who even presses her stockings. Olive Plunkett sends out for a complete dinner to be delivered to her door. Lillian Bassman has just returned from Scotland, North Africa and Turkey. That's the credit side of the ledger, but there's a hefty debit.

There's what sociologists call role conflict. "When you've been the boss all day," elaborated Virginia Steele, "it's pretty hard to come home at night and become a clinging violet."

There's choosing a man. "Where is a woman like Gerry Stutz going to find a strong enough husband?" asked Virginia Steele. Gerry Stutz once replied to such a question: "I have a hunch it might be hard. I have clobbered some nice young men in my time."

There is the inescapable fact, no matter how the working mothers wriggle, that hired help is raising their children. "The kids aren't doing their homework properly," remarked Eileen Ford in some distress. "I must try to get home from work earlier this winter."

And there are women like Olive Plunkett, who surveys her life as dispassionately as if it had happened to someone else.

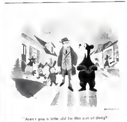
"No one sits down and plans to be an agency executive," she reflected. "I don't feel strong and brittle and successful, but I seem to thrive on work. When I was in the Waves I would sit on my bunk far into the night writing things for the Wave publication. She shrugged. "I ended up running the whole thing."

She was sitting in a yellow-walled shaggy-rugged office furnished with a black sofa and chairs, high above Madison Avenue. "I don't know why I didn't marry," she continued quietly. "When people ask, I say it's an oversight — and not mine. But when men asked me to go to parties, the theatre, I always said I had to work."

She smiled in embarrassment and moved some papers around on her desk. "That's the way it's been. Sometimes you might wish you weren't that way, but it seems to be your chemistry."

Said the Madison Avenue Woman blankly: "You can't change yourself." ★

JASPER By Simpkins



"Aren't you a little old for this sort of thing?"

50 years ago . . . careful Canadians kept engines running smoothly with Mobiloil . . . they still do!

NEW Mobiloil Special—the multigrade motor oil specially designed to give the complete protection engines need in today's start-stop, short-trip driving!
- keeps all parts, including hydraulic valve-lifters, super clean
- gives better gasoline and oil economy
- makes starting easier—battery life longer
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NEW Mobiloil—an entirely new heavy-duty formula gives you more for your money. New Mobiloil gives effective 24-hour engine protection on the road or in the garage!
- greater protection than ever before against power-robbing engine deposits
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- gives quick starting and instant flow of oil to vital engine parts
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SOLD BY IMPERIAL OIL LIMITED and other leading dealers everywhere.

What's the gift that's exciting *and* relaxing?

Give the easiest to play Hammond ... THE CHORD. Not a toy—not a passing fancy—but the easiest to play full-fledged musical instrument built to be enjoyed for life. You can play it the first time you try with just two fingers and Hammond Picture Music. It's the only chord organ with Automatic Bass Pedal ... the Rhythm Bar to give you the beat ... Touch Response to give percussion by a simple change of touch on the keys. $1295 (bench extra). Only $25 down.* Low monthly payments.

...the gift that's fun alone *and* together?

Give the lowest priced Hammond ... THE EXTRAVOICE. The organ your family can own for the lowest Hammond price ever. It's altogether new. New in sound—you play a single keyboard ... yet hear the exciting tones of three. New in styling—graceful new lines [illegible] so trim it takes up only 3 ft. by 2 ft. New in construction, Hammond has learned in 25 years about making organs—so it will serve you for life. $1110 (bench extra). Only $25 down.* Low monthly payments.

Give the most popular Hammond ... THE SPINET. The beautiful organ with the lovely voice that has won more hearts than any other. It brings you all these exclusive Hammond virtues: Permanent Pitch so it can't go out of tune ... Harmonic Drawbars for easy blending of thousands of tones ... Percussion you can bring in just by changing touch on the keys. Plus vibrato from each keyboard, or both together. Choice of six finishes.† $1675. Only $25 down.* Low monthly payments.

...the gift that's for now *and* all the years ahead?

Give the new luxury Hammond ... THE CONSOLE. The new organ with the [illegible] Reverberation Control for concert hall [illegible] Permanent Pitch, Harmonic Drawbars, Touch-Response Percussion. Plus 25-note pedal keyboard and Selective Vibrato. In red and ebony (not illustrated) $2650. Only $25 down.* Low monthly payments.

A Hammond Organ!

P.S. *Only $25 down* will put any Hammond in your home by Christmas! See your Hammond dealer.*

[illegible]

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EXCELLENCE

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 19

groups, a respected critic says, "work mainly in patent leather. Mingus goes barefoot."

Recently he has been working on a new way of combining musicians that may win back some of the listeners jazz lost when the big bands became musclebound and started to die off. The big bands that are left, Mingus has written for twenty or thirty men to play arrangements that sound as though there were only three instruments in the band: a trumpet, a trombone and a saxophone." The other instruments, he says, are only there to make the arrangement sound louder by playing harmonic support. "What would you call this? A big band? A loud band? A jazz band?"

In a couple of recent records Mingus has worked in his own way with nine- and ten-piece groups. "Each man gets different rows of notes to use against each chord but they choose their own notes and play them in their own style," he says. The sound he gets is spectacular. With more work on it he believes, "we might come up with some creative big-band jazz."

In the offbeat nightclubs where Mingus works, jazz is gospel and hushed attention is almost obligatory. When it breaks down Mingus will tongue-lash his customers for a misplaced whisper and he has more than once taken a swing at men who wouldn't shut up. Mingus demands all-out jazz even from people who are only listening.

WATSON MINKOWSKI

OUTER AND INNER SPACE

The blobs of light in the dark of the photograph at the right are celestial bodies of one kind and another; the rather small blob picked out by the arrow is a galaxy, or perhaps two colliding galaxies, 36,000,000,000,000,000,000 (36 billion billion million) miles, or six billion light years, out in space. The photograph was made in the spring of this year by Dr. Rudolph Minkowski, using the big Hale telescope on Mount Palomar in California, and it is by all odds the most significant exposure ever made on film.

Until Minkowski's long shot, astronomers generally agreed that the limit of visual observation in space was two billion light years. Minkowski tripled the limit. His photograph is the first real evidence that the universe is at least six billion years old (since the light that made the blob beside the arrow traveled six billion years to reach the film).

With this gleam of light Minkowski has already raised by a billion years the low limit for the age of the universe set by one of the two leading but contradictory theories. According to l'Abbe Lemaitre, a Belgian astrophysicist, the universe began five to ten billion years ago when there was a cosmic explosion that sent matter hurtling in all directions, a general outward migration of worlds that will go on indefinitely. On the contrary, argue a group of young British astronomers led by Fred Hoyle, a basic substance, largely hydrogen, is forming stars and galaxies all the time in a cosmic birth cycle that never began and will never end.

Lemaitre's case stands if the galaxies are fewer and farther between at six billion light years than at two. Hoyle is right if there are as many galaxies at one remove as at the other. Minkowski's photographs, as he goes on from here, should settle the issue one way or the other, bringing science a long step ahead to a reliable understanding of the origin of the universe.

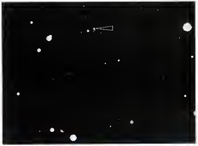
This is one of two great mysteries that have seemed, to every civilization but ours, imponderable. The other—the origin of life within the universe—is also beginning to yield to investigation. The color photograph on this page shows a plastic mock-up of the long-chain molecule called deoxyribonucleic acid, or DNA. Biologists now believe that DNA is the starting point of life: it is a chemical that can reproduce itself, and it appears to be the master substance that tells the cells of an animal how to reproduce themselves and what shape to take while they're going about it.

The first look at DNA in its pure form came in the early 1940s when a U.S. investigator, Oswald T. Avery, extracted from enormous numbers of bacteria a whitish chemical that sticks in strands to a twirled glass rod. Other researchers (most of them, incidentally, Americans) have since shown that DNA is the vital stuff of all heredity — the genes that dictate the development of an embryo into a blue-eyed baby or a long-tailed bug are both made of DNA. In 1953 an American named J. D. Watson and an Englishman named F. H. C. Crick proposed a working model of this fateful material: two molecular chains spiralling around each other, buttoned together by four slightly different substances called nucleotides. When the chains come unbuttoned the nucleotides on one chain remain to provide a pattern for rebuilding the absent chain. The nucleotides themselves, arranged in varying combinations down the length of the chain, are thought to be the code by which the genes dictate the development of the body cells; the genes in man's 46 chromosomes, which are now known to be simply envelopes full of DNA, probably carry about five billion of these coded instructions.

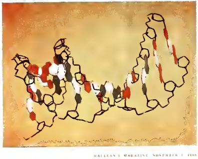
The biologists working with DNA are within sight of transmutations infinitely more awesome than any the alchemists dreamed of. By juggling nucleotides, living organisms can be changed—a goldlike trick the biochemists have already turned with at least one strain of bacteria—or even presumably created anew in any image that appeals to the creators.

Watson was 25 when he and Crick proposed this model, now the generally accepted one of DNA. The mock-up shown here stands in Watson's laboratory at Harvard, where he is now a professor of biology. He is trying to crack the code of life locked in the fantastically complex "buttons" on his model, working with the same unconventional, almost artistic brilliance it took to establish a working model of the incredibly complicated multiplying molecule.

CONTINUES PAGE 88



Above: galaxy is a spot about 36 billion billion million miles out. Below: DNA molecule is at the heart of life



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IN A SMALLER, COMPACT

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Never before tone so big from a radio so small

Here's why the all-new Zenette is the world's finest performing pocket radio of its size

BIGGEST SPEAKER ever in a radio so small. Special speaker design produces a richer, fuller tone at all volume levels. Zenith's own Wavemagnet antenna receives signals strong and clear.

UP TO 50% MORE AUDIO OUTPUT (100 milliwatts undistorted) than many other small pocket radios. Uses ordinary flashlight batteries, not the hard-to-get special battery packs; you save up to 200% on battery costs. Leak-resistant battery compartment.

SMALLEST ZENITH RADIO EVER BUILT—precision engineered and quality-built in every detail. For example, to give you more accurate tuning and greater tuning stability, the Zenette has an air dielectric tuning condenser—not the plastic dielectric type. Plug-in transistors permit easier servicing. High-impact case, and the color is molded in. There's no paint to chip or peel. Private listening attachment optional at extra cost. Tilt stand recesses when not in use. Choice of five colors: Charcoal, Tan, White, Yellow or Green. The Zenette, all-transistor radio, Model Royal 100, only $49.95*

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ZENITH The quality goes in before the name goes on

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For '61 Buick brings you THE CLEANLOOK of action!

Announcing the full-size '61 BUICK

As fine, as new as you can go

LESABRE INVICTA ELECTRA

Meet the '61 Buick LeSabre 4-door hardtop. [illegible] Buick's Clean Look of action! [illegible] sleek, set-free [illegible] much [illegible] roomy inside. And [illegible] this much [illegible] possible.

It took an all-new Comfort Zone that gives you more head, leg, and shoulder room. Underneath, a new Safety-X frame lowers the door sills so you're in and out far easier. A new Hide-Away driveshaft shrinks the tunnel, flattens the floor. And new Control Arm suspension corners flatter [illegible] smooths roads into satin ribbons.

But the big attraction's the action behind the wheel! This knockout's new Wildcat V-8 and new Turbine Drive (standard on *every* full-size Buick) give you more go-power on less gas. See the full-size Buick today [illegible] see why we say *'61 is Buick's year!*

Announcing the special-size BUICKSPECIAL

the best of both worlds

Stop, look—and whistle! Yes, this is Buick's new-size sizzler. This Buick Special 4-door sedan saves and handles like the small ones, yet holds its own with the big ones.

It's got Buick's Clean Look of action—with pride in every line. Under the hood it's got the get of a brand-new aluminum V-8 plus aluminum transmission*—the liveliest, simplest automatic on any car. Your [illegible] from standstill to cruising speed is sprightly as in the biggest of full-size cars.

And wait till you try its all-the-ride comfort for long hopping—not just quick shopping. Reason: More total head, hip and legroom than any compact [illegible] Buick's new Control Arm suspension and Hide-Away drive shaft. All this is yours in [illegible] for just a whisper above the compacts! Why wait? See both of the new action Buicks at your quality Buick dealer.

Whitewall tires optional at extra cost

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A GENERAL MOTORS VALUE

An unusual Christmas gift!

NOW FOR ANY ORGAN:

HAMMOND REVERBERATION!

New Hammond Unit gives concert hall tone—in even the smallest room!

Reverberation is the "stretching" of sound . . . added notes that make you hear in concert hall depth and richness.

You will understand what an exciting difference it makes if you have heard any of the many leading stereo or high fidelity systems equipped with Hammond Reverberation.

This same Hammond Reverberation has long been an exclusive feature of many Hammond Organ models. Now the owner of any make of organ can add the new Hammond Reverberation Unit to enjoy this musical miracle.

And musical it is! For the Hammond Reverberation Unit has the effect of turning your living room into a concert hall. Your music takes on a magnificent, three-dimensional tone . . . richer and more pleasing. Even in a small room with poor acoustics.

But to really appreciate the miracle of Hammond Reverberation you must, of course, hear it. And hear it with your own organ in your own home.

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Your Hammond dealer will arrange for a demonstration without cost or obligation. Call him now, or mail the coupon.

New Hammond Reverberation Unit

See the Hammond Christmas ad elsewhere in this issue!

HAMMOND ORGAN

[illegible]

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Please have dealer contact me to arrange a *free* home demonstration of the Reverberation Unit.

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Address__________

City__________ Prov.____

[illegible]

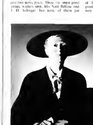
EXCELLENCE CONTINUED

A GOOD COMIC WRITER IN BROOKLYN

American writers are famous for never getting their second wind. Twenty years ago John Dos Passos was a good angry writer and William Saroyan was a good gay writer and William Faulkner was a good gloomy writer. Now they are just writers. Eugene O'Neill is dead and Tennessee Williams is just another playwright. William Carlos Williams and T. S. Eliot, who each in his own way once made poetry dance to his own tune, are just two more poets. There are some good young writers now, like Saul Bellow and J. D. Salinger, but none of them yet seems to be as good as the old writers were when they were young. And there is Marianne Moore.

Marianne Moore was a good poet forty years ago and she is a good poet now. A few critics say she is America's greatest living poet, and some poets agree with T. S. Eliot that her verses "form part of the small body of durable poetry written in our time." This is fine, but it is not the finest thing that can be said of Miss Moore's poetry. Some of her good writing is wonderfully comic and now when most comedy rightly calls itself sick, that makes her irreplaceable. More than all this, more than being a good comic writer, she is a great lady even though she lives in Brooklyn.

Because she is a perfectionist, the poems she has published in her lifetime are few. A young editor at the Viking Press, which published some of her later books, once asked her to write an inscription in his copy of Poems. The next day she is said to have asked him to mail the book back so that she could change a word and a comma in the line she had written.



MOORE

NEW YORK

the savage's romance,
accreted where we need the space for commerce—
the centre of the wholesale fur trade,
starred with tepees of ermine and peopled with foxes,
the long guard-hairs waving two inches beyond the body of the pelt;
the ground dotted with deer-skins—white with white spots,
"as satin needlework in a single colour may carry a varied pattern,"
and wilting eagle's-down compacted by the wind;
and picardels of beaver-skin; white ones alert with snow.
It is a far cry from the "queen full of jewels"
and the beau with the muff,
from the gilt coach shaped like a perfume-bottle,
to the conjunction of the Monongahela and the Allegheny,
and the scholastic philosophy of the wilderness
to combat which one must stand outside and laugh
since to go in is to be lost.
It is not the dime-novel exterior,
Niagara Falls, the calico horses and the war-canoe;
it is not that "if the fur is not finer than such as one sees others wear,
one would rather be without it"—
that estimated in raw meat and berries, we could feed the universe;
it is not the atmosphere of ingenuity,
the otter, the beaver, the puma skins
without shooting-irons or dogs;
it is not the plunder,
but "accessibility to experience."

From Collected Poems, the Macmillan Company

GILBRETH

HOW HUMAN ENGINEERING HEARD ABOUT PEOPLE

Know-how, the lay religion of American efficiency, looks uneasily like know-too-damn-much to an outsider. The odds are that the self-styled sciences of management had to be invented before a scale of living like America's could exist, but when know-how turned from knowing how to run machines to knowing how to run people, blisters broke out here and there on the American way of life. Human engineering has done its share of the inhuman work that has made Americans seem as interchangeable as the parts in a Ford. Good and bad, most of the work has been done in the twentieth century and a surprising amount of the best of it has been done by a woman named Lillian Gilbreth.

At eighty-two Dr. Gilbreth is still scrambling around the world on a lecture tour that began in 1955 and has taken her through Asia, Australia, Europe, Canada, Mexico and many of the States. She is telling people about human problems in management, a subject she doesn't quite own though she got to it before almost anyone else. When Frank Gilbreth and Lillian Moller were married fifty-six years ago, Frank was making the first of the measurements on fatigue, applied movement and work coefficients (he made up the terms as he went along) that led him to the new branch of engineering now known as time and motion study. Lillian leaped with equal eagerness into time-and-motion study and motherhood. She now has eleven children, 27 grandchildren, and about two dozen university degrees. As each of her children was born, Frank, who by this time knew a lot about muscles and movements, took time to put her through a set of after-childbirth exercises he worked out himself. Their engineering collaboration spilled into their home life in other ways, some helpful and others not. Two of the children later wrote about them in a rollicking misadventure story they called Cheaper by the Dozen, which was still funny when it was made into a movie in 1950.

On Frank Gilbreth's death in 1924 Lillian took over his chair as professor of management at Purdue University, but by now she mistrusted the way some late-comers were using the engineering tools she had helped discover. Too many of the human engineers she saw were interested only in tooling men into better machines. She fought them wherever she found them, a gadfly on the flanks of countless savvy engineers with get-it-done know-how. She had to learn to roughhouse the hard way; by nature she is a serene woman with "no native aggression at all," in the words of her closest co-worker.

Native vitality, on the other hand, she has. She made the first scientific studies of housework, and her research, which she is still carrying on, has shown the way to much of the American housewife's celebrated freedom from drudgery—"for better," as she once said herself, "or worse." At seventy she retired from her chair at Purdue and at seventy-one became professor of management at the University of Wisconsin. She is president of Gilbreth Inc., a New Jersey firm of management consultants. She belongs to a score of engineering commissions, councils, boards and associations. She still stands up to engineers who are inclined to abuse the human beings they are manipulating, and although she doesn't lick many of them she doesn't back down from any of them.

She broke the ground for scientific management and when the time came she had the nerve it took to become its conscience.

BLACK

STATE VERSUS LAW

The Supreme Court of the United States has never been far from the news since 1954, when the nine justices unanimously brought down the famous desegregation decision. At that time most of the comment in the news was laudatory, and Congress agreed with the court. In the winter of 1957-58, no longer unanimous, the court decided several civil-liberties cases on what amounted to the ground that a man suspected of being a communist has a right to the same constitutional guarantees as any other American. These decisions lost the court the sympathy of much of Congress and the press. Urged on by many editorial writers, legislators began preparing bills to curb the court's power, in most cases by making Supreme Court decisions subject to reversal by a vote of Congress.

None of these bills has yet passed either house, and it is highly possible none will, but to some interested parties it appears that even the unpassed bills are affecting some of the court's decisions. Hoodlums heckled a left-wing speaker at a political rally; when a cop told the speaker to shut up and avoid trouble the speaker went on talking. The cop ran him in and the judge gave him thirty days. Do the police, who are charged with keeping order, have priority over the constitution, which promises freedom of speech and assembly? The Supreme Court upheld the police, six to three. Associate Justice Hugo Black, speaking for the minority, said: "I will have no part or parcel in this holding, which I view as a long step toward totalitarian authority."

Again, the court this spring reviewed the conviction of Rudolf Abel, on unarguable evidence a Russian spy. While the court upheld Abel's conviction it was split five to four. Black again led the dissident judges, who were concerned not with the weight of the evidence—the case was proved—but with the methods used to get it, which they said violated the Fourth Amendment's guarantee against unreasonable searches and seizures.

In several other recent cases the court has similarly found, in split decisions, for the power of the state and against the broad guarantees of the constitution. The balance of the court is not frozen and could swing at any time, but if it did, by consistently going against Congress on civil-liberties issues the court could also bring down on itself the legislation that would cripple it. It would be impertinent to suggest which of the two views within the court is the better law or the better practice, but that is not to say that even an inexpert outsider can not lean for his own reasons to one view or the other. The view that has been held by Mr. Justice Black throughout the controversy seems to me to be close to the best idea America ever had (although Black himself, a southerner, was accused at the time of his appointment of being both a radical and a member of the Klan).

This is the view Hugo Black put most clearly when he wrote, again in a dissenting opinion: "Ultimately all the questions in this case (Barenblatt v. U.S.) boil down to one—whether we as a people will try fearfully and futilely to preserve democracy by adopting totalitarian methods, or whether in accordance with our traditions and our constitution we will have the confidence and the courage to be free."

CONTINUES NEXT PAGE

Announcing

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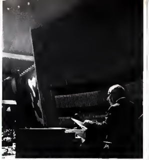

Andrew Cordier in his usual place on rostrum during explosive UN session this fall.

THE GOOD-LOOKING AMERICAN

The Ugly American is the greatest fall guy of all time. They talk about him everywhere—in Asia and Africa, in Europe and America itself, and they hate his cocky guts. It matters to nobody that in the novel that gave him his name the Ugly American is a well-meaning and fairly able man! He is the diplomat who botches simple negotiations, the foreign aid expert who builds technical installations nobody asked for, the tourist who shouts louder than anything on earth except his own shirt. He is an easy mark, so easy that he can almost never beat the rap whether he committed the crime or not. Let blood run in Cuba or the Congo and before long somebody will say the blood is on the hands of the Ugly American. Let Canadians peddle the country out from under them and before long somebody will say that the Ugly American is robbing them blind.

Curiously, not even the Americans have bothered to say that where there are so many real and fictitious Ugly Americans there may be a few good-looking Americans as well. Able, tough-minded men have been doing many of America's international chores superbly ever since Benjamin Franklin went to Paris—men like a burly fifty-nine-year-old midwesterner named Andrew Wellington Cordier.

Cordier is the untitled executive assistant to the secretary-general of the United Nations, an office in which he is largely ignored by the press and the public, though he is said to be one of the most influential men alive by close observers of the UN. Without the UN, many experts including Cordier hold, the U.S. would long ago have been at war with the USSR. Cordier's job, which he has held since the UN first sat in London fourteen years ago, is to make the United Nations work.

"The UN is no guarantee of peace," Cordier has said, "but here peace has a fighting chance." He has spent much of the last fourteen years fighting. In 1956 when the Soviets' move to send "volunteers" to intervene in the Suez crisis raised the threat of world war, Cordier and UN Secretary-General Dag Hammarskjold stayed at their desks on the 38th floor of the UN building for thirty-six hours without a break. Thirteen days after they started trying to raise an international expeditionary force, troops under the blue UN flag landed in Egypt. When the long knives came out in the Congo this summer, Cordier went through almost the same crucial motions. Hammarskjold was in Geneva. Cordier talked to him by trans-Atlantic phone nine times on the day the terror began. He talked to Ralph Bunche in Leopoldville, he talked with UN delegates and heads of state around the world, and he raised 11,000 UN troops who were on their way to the Congo within days. When Nikita Khrushchov shifted the attack to the floor of the UN, Cordier and Hammarskjold fought back to back.

Between crises Cordier runs the UN's 6,500 employees ("I play administration with my left hand"), handles UN diplomacy with a sure touch ("At least we know you'll give us the truth," a Soviet delegate once told him), and marshalls the thoughts of an august philosopher. (He was for several years the head of the history department at Manchester College in Indiana.) "History indicates there are limits to humanity's tolerance for violence, perversity and immorality," he says. "I am an optimist."

Cordier is wholly made in the American grain. On his father's Ohio farm, he says, "I first worked hard when I was five." At high school he was quarterback of the football team but he hurried home after workouts to escort his mother in the black bonnet of a pietistic sect known as The Brethren to religious meetings. The 200,000 Brethren are members of a militant church whose fighting order is "to overcome evil with good." Cordier is still a member. As a university professor during the 30s he was a fighting internationalist who attacked isolationism when the isolationists were at their full strength. It took courage. Andy Cordier, a good-looking American, still has it. ★

Why Lucky Draw Lou always buys BICYCLE

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Mailbag

Continued from page 4

Three cheers for Robert Thomas Allen and his argument Why don't Canadians grow up and stop hating the States? (Sept. 24). He's said something that's needed to be said for a long, long time.—GWEN CAMPBELL, VICTORIA

✔ Congratulations. Could it be that the Canadian attitude is caused by an underlying inferiority complex?—MRS. MARY B. LARSEN, PITTSBURGH, PA.

✔ It's rather tragic that being a Canadian has come to mean being anti-American. Associated with this are the four Canadian myths: Our superior educational system, our racial and religious harmony, our importance in world affairs and our fantastic future. I hope Allen's article will help explode these fantasies.—RALPH E. KLEIN, WESTON, ONT.

✔ ... very much overdone. One would gather that Canadians were starting an all-out HATE AMERICA campaign, and that Canada was becoming a second Cuba. ... Allen's criticism of Canadians is based on the words, opinions and actions of a very small minority of Canadians who also believe that all Texans are rich and boast, all Hawaiians wear grass skirts, all Jews have big noses and all Quebeckers are French and eat pea soup morning, night and noon. Canadians on the average think of Americans as people who are the same as ourselves, but who honor a different flag, sing a different national anthem, play football with four downs and smoke funny cigarettes.—R. CHRIS, JR., MCMASTERVILLE, QUE.

✔ Canadians should not hate the Americans — they should kick them right out of the country.—DENIS THERRIEN, MONTREAL

✔ ... an objective, factual, startling and embarrassingly true article.—CHRIS CAMPBELL, EDMONTON

✔ Trash.—JUSTIN M. CAMPBELL, OLIVER, B.C.

✔ ... The more you step on a banana the more it spreads.—MRS. M. PERKINS, GRANDE PRAIRIE, ALTA.

✔ Was my face ever red!!! I had adopted the same superior attitude as many smug Canadians, especially concerning the school systems. And also about the Americans not knowing anything about Canada.—CECIL RABBY, VAN LIEFER

✔ He could have been talking to me.—MRS. JUSTIN COWAN, BARRIE, ONT.

✔ Robert Thomas Allen certainly hit the nail on a lot of Canadian jugheads who deserve it.—J. H. CONNEL, EDMONTON

✔ One must agree with much of what Allen says. It is hard, however, to go all the way with him against some of the opposition one hears these days. Listening to a Vancouver clergyman on an early morning religious program I was a bit startled to hear him announce this morning in a very solemn tone: God, The Almighty One, Jehovah—American Revised Version. Tends to make one wonder if we shouldn't just call it quits.—T. B. SLAMES, LAKE COWICHAN, B.C. ★

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MUTUAL LIFE
OF CANADA

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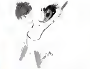
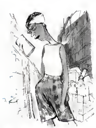
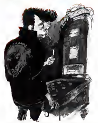
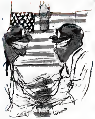
SOME AMERICAN NATIVES

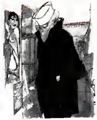


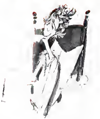
This candid study of the American native in his natural habitat is the work of Erich Sokol, 26, who came to the U.S. from Vienna in 1957. Since then he has been drawing the American native as he sees him: these exotic natives and many more appear in a new book published by Harper & Brothers.

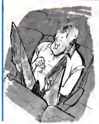


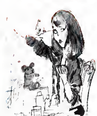












Overseas Report

continued from page 14

tan bus voices, gangsters, skyscrapers or gum-chewing tourists, the cliché image of the United States abroad. I discussed the results of my one-man questionnaire with Douglas Fairbanks Jr., the screen star turned businessman whose long association with Europe has been marked by honors conferred by several countries for fostering trans-Atlantic harmony and co-operation. Still a foursquare American, he is an honorary British knight and maintains a home in Kensington and offices in St. James's. Often chaffed by the daily press for his association with people in high places (British royalty and American presidents are among his friends), the trim and handsome Fairbanks is in fact an articulate observer of the world scene.

"Perhaps the biggest single thing America or the whole New World has given to Europe is a fresh sense of optimism," he told me. "When I was a kid studying in France, then I first began producing movies in England twenty-five years ago, Europeans were despondent about the future. They lived from day to day. They always expected things to get worse. Things are different now, thank God. The Marshall Plan and other foreign-aid programs certainly helped some countries get back on their feet, but even more than that there has been a tremendous infusion of optimism, of making a fresh start toward a more fruitful future. People here now think things will get better tomorrow, if not this afternoon. It may be not quite the same thing as the pioneering spirit that opened and built the States, but it has an American ring to it."

Fairbanks also pointed out several cases where American ingenuity and know-how had wrongly been given credit for technological advances in ordinary living. The household detergents, for one thing. Most of these, he claims, were developed by Lever Brothers in England and then tried out in the bigger consumer market of the U.S. He has become weary of trying to convince some of his compatriots that television was an accepted part of British life before the last war.

"There's another big change," Fairbanks mused after a most shipshape telephone call concerning a temporary assignment with NATO naval forces (he is a captain, USNR, retired). "Both here and on the Continent people are not as chary as they once were about openly enjoying the material rewards of their efforts. It's not considered sinful any more to install central heating, for instance. And look at the sale of refrigerators, washing machines, even dryers. Sure, people might have a few pounds more in their pockets these days but that doesn't fully explain the change in attitude. Part of the answer is that they've learned from the American example that there's nothing wrong with being comfortable." I asked him if he thought American movies were still influencing the rest of the world for good or bad.

There was no doubt, he said, that the gangster movies of the Twenties and early Thirties had projected an unreal image of American life in those places where filmgoers were naive enough to swallow them whole. "But that phase was long past. Today the TV screens in Europe were full of westerns, but nobody believed the films truly depicted any part of American life. Parents [illegible] let their children watch them as bedtime stories."

Even so, in West Germany recently the leader of the Free Democrats blamed whisky-swilling heroes in U.S. television shows for the tremendous upswing in whisky consumption among Germans. Since 1956 the country's whisky imports have trebled. Criticizing the growing American influence, the German party leader said a new kind of illiteracy had arisen: that of people who spend their lives sitting in a whisky-sodden trance in front of their television screens. It's more likely that the postwar well-to-do in Germany have simply been latecomers in catching on to the snob value of Scotch.

As I put my question to Englishmen in offices, shops, country houses and Fleet Street pubs (and to the inevitable taxi driver), I realized that even in the seven years since I began visiting Britain the clear recognition of American influences had become blurred. Many things once indelibly stamped American have been assimilated. A Foreign Office man offered this simple explanation: over the past few years the mythical average Englishman and Frenchman have discovered that the equally mythical average American is not a millionaire, does not drive a fish-tailed Cadillac, has not been married four times, does not live in a penthouse and does not thirst for Russian blood. The annual trip tourist fares of the airlines are attracting thousands of ordinary Americans each summer on that once-in-a-lifetime trip to

How Canadians plan for tomorrow
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BARNAR

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Europe. Like was finding like, and prejudices were being washed away with a pint of bitter. So much so that the old habit of labeling certain things or attitudes — usually new things, strange things, expensive things — as American was gradually fading.

A workman in a Berkshire pub said to me, "The Americans, they're just like us. This chap from Philadelphia was up here with his two kids last summer. He was a bricklayer, see, an ordinary bricklayer. Course they make a bit more over there than we do, but still he had saved up to bring his family over to see where his great grandfather had been born. Nice family they were, too." Then in a comment on the qualities of British beer he added, "Cor, didn't our wallop stop him though!"

At least half the women I questioned suggested that the highly publicized American career girl, the single woman competing on equal terms for equal salary, had influenced European society. Helene Gabanon, a partner in the American in Paris Club, spent two years in North America before returning home to solve the problems of tourists. She believes that the example set by American women in business has helped to break down traditional obstacles in the way of European women in the upper echelons of commerce and the professions. "Now they're beginning to accept us and judge us on our merits," she says.

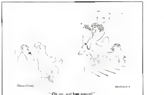
The do-it-yourself idea, already losing its impetus in North America, is in full flood here. But again, although most people would agree the movement began in the United States, both in Britain and on the Continent local modifications and traditions have helped the technique slide into easy assimilation. Consider supermarkets. London is dotted with them and they're spreading in Paris, but I haven't seen a single real all-out self-service supermarket yet. First, there's usually no parking lot. And how can a woman do a week's shopping for a family if she has to carry the bags home on the bus?

Inside the shops (Gardner's of Kensington is a good example) you find the canned goods arrayed shelf on shelf, packaged cakes, small hardwares easily within reach. But over there is a butcher in white coat and blue striped apron whetting his knife, and against another wall is a greengrocer's shop, swinging scales, pile of paper bags and the rest.

I'd wager that there's not a small town in Britain today without its laundromat. But the English housewife simply won't be denied the social atmosphere that accompanies any business deal, however small. In Newbury, for instance, a laundromat with a dozen machines, which could easily be handled by one girl, mills with staff. The waiting, knitting customers want to talk about the weather, their children, to ask without end how long the mechanical cycle takes. And instead of dryers they have extractors. They remove some of the water from the clothes. Since drying clothes outdoors must be one of the chanciest propositions in England, I asked why the laundromats didn't install dryers. "I don't know," the woman in charge replied.

Perhaps the best and most recent clear-cut example of reaction to American influence preceded and followed the mounting of a 35-foot $54,000 aluminum eagle on the new U.S. embassy in Grosvenor Square. I think it illustrates, as much as any single incident can, the prevailing attitude to the United States in Europe. When pictures of the eagle that sculptor Theodore Roszak was creating to crown the new block-long, six-million-dollar embassy were released six months ago, Lt.-Col. Marcus Lipton, MP for Brixton, began a crusade to keep the bird out of its ordained nest. In the beginning Eero Saarinen's design for the building, with its glass interior walls, eccentric windows and gold-touched cantilevers, had aroused those guardians of London's skyline who had already gone down to bloody defeat a hundred times as concrete and window-wall office blocks sprouted across the metropolis. Lipton took his fight against Roszak's one-legged eagle to the floor of the House of Commons. "What on earth will London look like if foreign governments are to stick up monstrous national emblems on buildings they occupy?" he asked. A government spokesman told him last spring that the London County Council would look into the matter. Lipton wrote to the LCC, which promptly passed the buck to the Ministry of Housing. So he badgered Henry Brooke, the minister, who did nothing. In a last-ditch stand Lipton quoted a Columbia University professor as saying that Roszak's eagle wasn't even the traditional symbolical American eagle. When the eagle was hoisted into position July 30, Lipton said, "The Americans have won the battle of Grosvenor Square and the beast of prey will brood over the statue of Franklin D. Roosevelt."

The point of the anecdote is this: once it was in place the eagle looked just fine and within a year you'd find the Londoners up in arms if somebody tried to take it down. The diehards may still reach for the blunderbuss once in a while, but the American eagle is a welcome migrant ★



"Oh no, not him again!"

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The American Negro continued from page 20

"No Negro has introduced into integrated schools any misbehavior not already introduced by whites"

quotes a letter from a former associate now in Africa who says that the lot of the Negro in Mississippi is preferable to that of a negro in Africa. Mississippi, depressed and a fortress of diehard segregationists, is regarded by American Negroes as the state where they fare worst.

Fitzhugh belongs to a team of researchers who have been gathering data on Negroes. Their studies show among other things that Negroes in the U.S. are increasing by 700,000 a year and at a rate a third faster than the white rate of increase; that Negro income is climbing by $1,000,000,000 a year; and that Negro college enrollment is twenty-five times what it was in 1930.

The figures cast a glimmer of light on the advances of the Negro and his potential future strength, but statistics can't tell the story of millions of human beings who, with their handicaps, hopes and grievances, are in the midst of a grim, unhappy, determined and often dangerous struggle for a place in the sun. What are these people really like? How far have they traveled on the difficult road they have chosen and how far are they likely to travel?

I sought the answers to such questions in New York City, where there are close to 1,000,000 Negroes; in six southern states; and in the District of Columbia, where half the residents and three quarters of the pupils in the schools are colored. I talked to officials of the National Association for the Advancement of Colored People, to Negro editors, teachers, lawyers, bankers and politicians, to Negro taxi drivers, bartenders, shopkeepers and laborers. I talked too with southern whites, some of whom are calm realists (men who say complete desegregation is inevitable although they won't welcome it) but more of whom swear they'll shed blood before they'll "let the niggers get uppity." It's an article of faith with the more fanatical segregationists that the consuming desire of Negroes is to mix with and marry whites; that Negroes would have no wish to vote if they hadn't been "stirred up by Communist agitators"; and that to allow Negro children in white schools is to retard scholastic progress and expose white children to moral contamination.

These convictions are too deep to be easily uprooted but I could discover no evidence that supports them. Just the reverse. A survey by two sociologists of Florida State University, Dr. Charles Grigg and Dr. Lewis Killian, indicates that freedom of personal relations with whites is ranked by Negroes as the least important of six objectives, the first of which is job opportunities. And the U.S. Commission on Civil Rights, a government body, reports that in desegregated schools white and Negro students may be friendly in classrooms but "almost never mix on dates or at dances." After a dozen years of desegregation on a major scale in Washington only one marriage has been recorded between a Negro and a white who went to school together.

As for voting, every Negro I interviewed, not excluding a couple who were barely literate, said without prompting that Negroes now realize that the ballot box, if they can win access to it in the South as in the North, and if they vote intelligently, can produce solutions for their problems. The "Communist agitators" who have "stirred them up" are mostly field representatives of the National Association for the Advancement of Colored People, which was founded in 1909, has 340,000 members in forty-four states, urges Negroes to be firm but moderate rather than unreasonable in their demands, and is criticized for its conservatism by militant Negro factions which would like it to breathe more fire and who laugh at the suggestion that it is communistic.

The southern segregationist belief that desegregation lowers educational and moral standards in the schools collides head on with the findings of educators. The superintendent of schools in Washington says standards have gone up, not down, since desegregation, the money saved by the elimination of a costly duplication of facilities and services being available for improvements. The superintendent of schools in Baltimore, Maryland, which, like Washington, has desegregated to a large extent, says no Negro has introduced into a former all-white school any form of misbehavior not already introduced by a white child.

The Ivy Leaguers of Howard

It seems apparent that the segregationists have misinterpreted the Negro's motives, libeled his leaders, and distorted the picture of what happens when he is desegregated. But if he is not as they think, what is he like?

If you forget the shade of his skin he is remarkably like a white of similar background. In the centre of Washington on the tree-shaded campus of Howard University, which might be the campus of any self-respecting college, I watched handsome, poised, self-assured youngsters, some of whom arrived in their own small sports cars. They were as well dressed as students at Princeton or Harvard and their clothes were definitely not the flashy outfits the whites associate with the Negro. These youngsters, destined to be lawyers, doctors, financiers, theologians, teachers and journalists, obviously came from good homes — the sort of Negro homes I saw in the New York suburb of Mount Vernon, in Westchester county, which boasts it is the richest county in the country; in Nashville, Tennessee, in residential developments like that nicknamed the Gold Coast; and particularly in Atlanta, Georgia, where some Negro suburbs are on a par with upper-bracket white suburbs and have whole streets of houses worth from $35,000 to $100,000.

But it's a tiny fraction of the 19,000,000 U.S. Negroes who live in Mount Vernon, Nashville's Gold Coast or Atlanta's impressive black suburbs. Far more live in the unpainted hovels of sharecroppers, in such poverty that children carry their shoes to school in their hands so as not to wear them out. Far more live in the squalid, neglected niggertowns of southern cities in scabby, boxlike wooden shacks on lots the size of postage stamps, by roads that if they have ever been paved cry for repairs. Far more live in the ghettos of Chicago, where the white population, escaping to the suburbs, decreases by 300 a week and the Negro population, swollen by the migration from the South, increases by 600 a week, aggravating an acute shortage of low-rental housing. Far more live in Harlem, that enormous, teeming, colorful, fascinating Negro section of New York City where housing is so incredibly overcrowded that a U.S. government publication says, "If the population density in some of Harlem's worst blocks obtained in the rest of New York City, the entire population of the United States could be fitted in three of New York's boroughs."

Wandering through Harlem during a late summer heat wave, I counted thirty-seven men, women and children on the front steps of one tenement — refugees from airless, ovenlike rooms. The front steps of most tenements for blocks and blocks were weighted down with sweating humanity and the streets were alive with kids and littered with filth. On one corner by a bar five peculiar-looking Negroes, one a girl, stood braced against a brick wall. Every two or three minutes their eyes would close and their knees would buckle, but they'd catch themselves before they fell. I had a friend with me, a Harlem Negro who was showing me the sights. "Junkies," he said, nodding toward the five. "Look like they need a fix and are waiting for somebody to bring it. They get that way — can't keep their eyes open or their legs straight."

The toughest spots in all New York are in Harlem, just as the toughest spots in other great cities of the northern U.S. are in their appalling black-belt slums. Not because they are black, but because they are slums; the ghettos breed crime. Federal Bureau of Investigation studies reveal that while only a little more than ten percent of the U.S. population is Negro, this ten percent accounts for thirty percent of all arrests and sixty percent of arrests for crimes of violence or threats of bodily harm. The proportion of Negroes in slums is almost three times the proportion of whites in slums. Sociologists note that this coincides with the ratio of arrests. Jackie Robinson, of baseball fame, testifying before the Civil Rights Commission on the impact of slums on those compelled to live in them, said bitterly, "For many, charity begins at home. So do hate, hostility, delinquency." Yet the CRC located a white slum with a rate of delinquency as high as the rate in any Negro neighborhood, and a Negro neighborhood where the residents own their own homes and where the delinquency rate is as low as that in any white neighborhood. The neighborhood of Negro homeowners was not in Harlem.

But if Harlem has more than its share of slums and crime, it also has two Negro newspapers that are widely respected — the Amsterdam News and the New York Citizen-Call. It has a Negro bank, the Carver Federal Savings and Loan Association, which has lent Negroes millions of dollars to establish businesses and build houses. It has Negro book stores, gourmet Negro restaurants like Frank's on 125th Street, which curiously is run by a white, like many Harlem establishments that would be surprised if they ever got a single white customer. It has nightclubs like the Red Rooster, a rendezvous for Negro intellectuals, and the Market Place Gallery, which displays the work of Negro painters and at which a lanky, brilliant young Negro named Raymond Patterson, who is a teacher and newspaper writer, organizes readings of poetry. It has Adam Clayton Powell, pastor of the 10,000-member Abyssinian Baptist Church and a U.S. congressman who likes cigars, Napoleon brandy and European watering places and travels with an entourage of flunkies. It has Malcolm Little, who has dropped his surname because it was given a slave forebear by a white, and styles himself Malcolm X, a New York leader of the Black Muslims. The Muslims are rabid Negro nationalists who claim Christianity became a factor in keeping the Negro enslaved. They shave their heads, shun pork, alcohol and tobacco and only once a day and face east to pray to Allah, although they are in no way linked with other adherents of Islam.

Any evening, weather permitting, on the street outside the Black Muslim headquarters in Harlem you can hear impassioned Negro soapboxers harangue. They stand on stepladders and soap boxes and they attack American flags and they speak of whites in the way that Klan Klansmen speak of Negroes or Hitler spoke of Jews. As I was listening on the fringe of a crowd a chubby Negro dug me in the ribs with his thumb.

"We're gonna kill you," he said pleasantly. "All you stinkin' whites. One of these days."

This bloodthirsty brand of black nationalism is pretty well confined, as far as I could learn, to the Black Muslims, who are active in New York and Chicago and, like the white man's KKK, appeal

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to the ignorant and the vicious. Yet in most American Negroes there is unquestionably an underlying bitterness. [illegible] Raymond Patterson, teacher, journalist, lover of poetry, wears a wry smile as he tells you how he had to lie about his education to get his first job. A college graduate, he was turned away by one prospective employer after another because he had "too much education." When he realized this was too much education for a job open to a Negro he pretended he had only gone to high school and was soon on a payroll.

A leading Harlem editor wears the same kind of smile when he tells you: "Whites think all Negroes will be happy if we have lots of fried chicken and watermelon, both of which I hate." And a dignified, white-haired Negro lawyer in Nashville [illegible] as he says: "Nothing can embarrass a Negro who has lived in the South for a while."

In his book, 12,000,000 Black Voices, Richard Wright put it like this: "There are times when we feel our hurts so deeply that we find it impossible to work with whites . . . [illegible] that we . . . advocate the establishment of a separate state in which we black folk would live."

Marcus Garvey advocated such a state and organized the Black Star Line to transport Negroes from America to Africa in the 1920s. When financial difficulties beset him he was imprisoned on evidence which in the opinion of many lawyers would not have been sufficient to convict a white man. Later he was deported to his native Jamaica. He died in 1940 and is still thought of in Harlem as a black Moses, a hero and a martyr.

His memory lives on but not his dream. Today the American Negro wants to be free in America, not Africa, although the winning of independence by the former African colonies of European powers has done more for his racial pride than the victories of Negro athletes, the accomplishments of Negro musicians, the popularity of Negro entertainers and the fine achievements of Negro authors combined. On a shelf in one Harlem bookstore these titles are displayed: African Languages Simplified, Africa Today and Tomorrow, The Africans, The Death of Africa, Dark Pilgrim: A Novel of South Africa Today, and Big City Zulu. According to the proprietor there is an enormous demand among Negroes for books on Africa.

Randy White, a pleasant young official on the headquarters staff in New York of the National Association for the Advancement of Colored People, explains that Negroes are starting to look on Africa as white Americans look on England, Scotland, Ireland, Italy or whichever nation their forebears came from. African independence, he adds, has stimulated the campaign for full Negro rights in the U.S. and led U.S. Negroes to identify themselves more closely with the 300,000,000 Negroes in the total world population of 2,854,000,000. In this population there are 834,700,000 whites and 1,711,300,000 who are classed as brown, yellow or mixed.

In the major U.S. cities there are enough Negroes to form sizeable black communities within white communities—upward of 1,000,000 in New York, 710,000 in Chicago, 520,000 in Philadelphia, 500,000 in the Los Angeles area, 440,000 in Washington, 400,000 in Detroit, and numbers that are even higher proportionately in centres in the southeastern states. The very discrimination that squeezes them together in black-belt slums and bars them from white neighborhoods creates a situation in which Negro doctors, dentists, lawyers, bankers, insurance men and merchants can set up shop surrounded by patients, clients and customers. Those who prosper, as many do, are emerging as a Negro middle class which is growing quickly. These people tell you they've been subjected to so much propaganda about white superiority that they have an inferiority complex. One trivial manifestation of this is that most of them — a much larger percentage of them than of whites — are likely to buy expensive imported Scotch rather than domestic beverages. They are also inclined to splurge on houses, cars and clothing when they can afford to.

Housing difficulties, and the unwillingness of employers to test the Negro in responsible jobs, are in most northern cities the last truly serious remnants of discrimination. There are many projects now to end the Negro's housing difficulties, and the National Urban League, a social-service organization that strives quietly to prove to employers that Negroes can be valuable employees capable of handling executive positions, is slowly but surely winning the Negro higher rungs on the employment ladder. But even in the most enlightened towns a minor form of torture persists. There are taxi drivers who look the other way when Negroes hail them, store clerks who turn their back on Negro customers, and white waiters who studiously ignore Negroes until all whites have been served.

There are changes

Two distinguished American Negroes, who both travel a lot, told me they invariably have their meals sent to their hotel rooms rather than endure in public the silent insult of waiting. Yet, in the North a colored man is not blatantly addressed as "nigger" as he once was. Nor do the movies hold him up to ridicule because of his race as they once did. There will never be another film glorifying the KKK, although the picture that did this made a fortune. The U.S. Army, in which Negroes are today integrated with whites, will never issue another directive like the one it issued in World War I headed "Secret information concerning black American troops." The directive was composed by American senior officers after two Negroes, Henry Johnson and Needham Roberts, had been awarded the Croix de Guerre for heroism and after three Negro battalions fought so valiantly that the French wined and dined them and Frenchwomen dated their members. Copies of the directive went to the French with a footnote pleading with them not to "spoil" the Negroes and mentioning that white Americans were angered by intimacy between white women and black men.

An officer who signed such a document today would probably be cashiered, so much has the attitude of the U.S. government changed. But in many areas of the South the Negro's plight is grim.

Students who are transported by bus forty or fifty miles to Negro high schools although they live within walking distance of a white one; a white in Georgia who butted a live cigarette on the neck of a Negro girl participating in a lunch-counter sit-in; a Negro clergyman convicted of contempt of court for refusing to give the names of NAACP members; a Negro youth sentenced for assault for staring at a white girl seventy-five feet away from him; a Negro dentist whose windows were shattered by gunfire and whose family was harassed until his wife's health was undermined — this is the sort of incident you hear about constantly in the South.

In Jacksonville, Florida, before wild riots broke out at the end of August, a white man stood on the main business street with an armload of axe handles inviting passersby to "come and get your nigger persuader." Police ignored him. The immediate cause of the Jacksonville riots was a sit-in at a segregated lunch counter in a variety store. The Negroes were attacked by whites. When word of this reached the Negro section of Jacksonville, gangs of blacks, mostly teen-agers, armed themselves with sticks and stones and invaded the white section. Police repelled them but there were injuries among both blacks and whites and the fighting might have been much more serious if the National Association for the Advancement of the Colored People hadn't persuaded the Negroes to disperse. Sit-ins at the variety store and elsewhere were suspended until tempers cooled.

Segregation in Jacksonville is at a point where a Negro is hardly allowed to hire a taxi for a white or a white for a Negro. When I ordered a white taxi driver to take me to the Negro newspaper, the Florida Star, he insisted that he had to phone his company for permission, and when he was permitted, used the trip to tell me what he thought of Negroes and what some organization he belonged to (he would not name it) would do to them one of these days.

Although it must have shortened the life of his back, he was grateful that the Negro streets, in contrast with the white streets, were in such shape you'd have to see them to believe them. So were the houses — most of them tragically substandard. But the colored people I met, like [illegible] Simpson, editor of the Star, N. J. Brown, Negro committeeman of the Duval County Democratic Committee, J. W. Williams, a teacher at the Duval [illegible] Vocational School, and Alyson Wise, assistant editor of the Star, were about as far from substandard as you can get: well-educated, intelligent, well-informed.

They told me a Negro must pay $20 for a [illegible] a white can get for [illegible]; that the subjects taught in the Negro vocational school are not the ones that pay best; that Jacksonville is one of the last cities not to license Negro plumbers [illegible] drivers; that fewer than ten percent of the police force are Negroes although Negroes account for thirty-seven percent of the population; that there are stores that won't allow Negroes to try on clothes they are buying and stores that have drinking fountains for whites but not for Negroes. They also told me that the political wards are so gerrymandered that a Negro's election chances are nil.

Men like Simpson, Brown, Williams and Wise will, with a bit of luck, be able to improve conditions. Medgar Evers, NAACP representative in Jackson, Mississippi, and his colleagues in other parts of the South may have a tougher task.

In Mississippi there is no desegregation at all and comparatively few Negroes have a vote. In Louisiana a Citizens Council — which is the KKK with a necktie on — printed a pamphlet telling registrars how to prevent Negroes from voting. And there's a [illegible] in Louisiana in which the registrar disqualified a Negro for an error in spelling.

Traveling through the South I found much more tolerance in the cities than in rural areas. Often in rural areas Negroes whose forebears were slaves are in a majority over slave-owners' descendants who can't stand the idea of being taken over. Nashville, Tennessee, has two colored aldermen and is pushing the problem of desegregation in the schools, but in Fayette and Haywood counties Negroes are shockingly persecuted. These counties are in the old plantation strip behind the cotton curtain. Fayette has a total population of 31,000, of whom 21,000 are colored; 3,000 whites — virtually every white adult — are registered to vote, compared with 450 Negroes. It's the same in Haywood.

Negroes who have attempted to gain voting privileges have been put on a black list. Banks, they claim, won't finance their crops and oil companies won't sell them oil for their tractors, even if they have cash to pay for it. A child of one of the listed parents can't buy an ice-cream cone. The U.S. Department of Justice, after an investigation of Fayette and Haywood, has laid a long string of charges but it's hard to get a conviction. Investigators of the Commission on Civil Rights and the Federal Bureau of Investigation come in but the Negroes know they won't stay and that then the Negroes will have no protection when they leave.

But, as a sign of the future, the Democratic primary in Tennessee for a U.S. Senate seat, which means positive victory, was won by Estes Kefauver even though his opponent, a judge, campaigned with photographs of Kefauver shaking hands with solid lines of Negroes and speeches that insisted he was a champion of Negroes. Kefauver and his coonskin cap may have seemed a little silly at times but he is actually a moderate who is admired by both whites and blacks. He's on good terms with men like Alex Looby, gray-haired, immaculately dressed, courteous and dignified, who is from the West Indies, is a former professor, has a doctor's degree in law and is a prominent Nashville lawyer. Men like Looby are far from demanding, militant Negroes, and they are doing much to convince whites that a dark skin shouldn't be held against decent and distinguished men. There are the Pattersons, the Simpsons, the Wises, many too many to mention, all striving for the best.

But what do they want, these dark-skinned people? They want first of all to be treated like human beings. Then they want these things, according to their own spokesmen, in this order: Job opportunities. Legal equality. Integration of public transport and sports events. Integration of schools. Equality in voting. Freedom in personal relations.

It wasn't so long ago that the Negro in America had no privileges at all. ★

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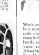
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Small beer, maybe

Tipsy-tot trend in education items in ad in the Trenton Ont Trentonian: The fully licensed Jack and Jill Kindergarten Nursery will reopen in Trenton for the eleventh term on . . .

• • •

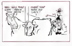
Every newcomer to Canadian language and ways has one horrifying experience to relate and there's an Englishwoman now living in Montreal who still recalls with a justifiable chill a warm day in fall when hers befell her. Tramping the strange streets was thirsty work and she looked longingly at a Canadian worn in nonchalantly nibbling what Canadians call an ice cream cone. This would have been considered slightly indelicate on the street where she came from but she suddenly yielded to impulse when she spotted a vending machine. She plunked a quarter in the slot under the sign that said "Ice" and stood transfixed as a great shiny twenty-five-pound block crashed at her feet.

• • •

A woman waiting in a friend's car parked on Brant Street in Burlington, Ont., was watching the crowds go by when one lady shopper burdened with parcels pulled up beside the open window. Turning her back she asked pleasantly "Would you please unzip the top of my dress for me? I have to change it when I get home. My husband is painting and he gets angry if I ask him to stop and wash his hands and undo my zipper . . . Thank you very much." And she strolled on.

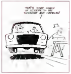
• • •

There's a shamefaced farmer near Chilliwack, B.C., possessor of a fine but ornery cow that will stand still only when milked by his wife. When his wife took ill and the farmer had to take over he found he could get nowhere with the beast until, driven to desperation, he fooled the cow by donning one of his wife's skirts.


WHO WAS THAT LADY I SEEN YOU WITH?
MOO! THAT WAS NO LADY!

• • •

The highway bridge across the St John River at Fredericton has been closed to motor traffic for extensive repairs and all motorists must detour several miles to take the new Princess Margaret bridge. Pedestrians have had the use of the broad sidewalk on one side of the bridge, however—and after weeks of enviously eyeing this commodious walk the temptation was finally too much for one small car driver and on a quiet Sunday morning over he scooted. Beaming at the illicit thrill of it all he quickly tooted a pair of pedestrians out of the way—until one of them turned and sternly waved him down. Oh, he got across the bridge all right but he had a plainclothes cop as a passenger the rest of the way—right to the police station. Fine $10.


THAT'S WHAT COMES OF STICKIN' TO THE STRAIGHT AND NARROW!

• • •

During a Grade Three clay modeling session a teacher in Edmonton went down the aisle helping this little girl shape a bulging pot, admiring the next little boy's bumpy alligator and so on. During her second circuit she was alarmed to see the first little girl had nicely finished pot turned upside down on her desk, threatening to crumble her masterpiece as she attempted to carve something on the underside of it . . . MADE IN JAPAN.

• • •

An unidentified amateur psychologist in Kirkland Lake, Ont., has solved everything for a young motorist who has always had a terrible time squeezing a big car into a small parking space. Noticing her as she made her third fender-grazing attempt the other day this passerby sang out cheerily "Lady, just pretend you're trying to fit your foot into a new pair of shoes." It worked like a charm that day and she swears she hasn't had any trouble since.

• • •

A fine case of official *lèse-majesté* is on view at Toronto's Malton airport. Beside the driveway a large sign trumpets impressively "This airport is operated by HER MAJESTY IN RIGHT OF CANADA . . ." and then continues anonymously in very small type ". . . and unless authorized by the Department of Transport taxis are prohibited from soliciting fares at this airport."

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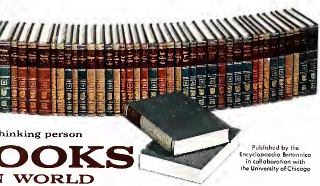
Is a well-rounded man sometimes a hollow man?

A message from **Dr. Mortimer J. Adler**
Director of the Institute for Philosophical Research
Editor of the SYNTOPICON

"A great deal of emphasis has been placed on the importance of the well-rounded man. It is a label which is generally regarded as desirable, but too often we mistake participation in a variety of activities as the sign of a well-rounded man. Too many of us overlook completely the real meaning, of the words—the development of a whole person. We keep ourselves so busy with the external manifestations of well-rounded interests that we neglect to fill our minds to any significant depth.

"We end up a whiz on a golf course—but with no personal philosophy to sustain us in time of reversal or trouble. We are full of social conversation at a party—but devoid of thoughts to occupy our minds when we are left alone. We work hard in business—but with no well-defined principles to give us a sturdy, inflexible integrity. We busy ourselves dutifully in civic activities—but with no real understanding of a dedication to service. We are often hollow men.

"It was to meet this growing need for intellectual depth that the Private Library Edition of the GREAT BOOKS described below was published. A new SYNTOPICON published with it is designed to guide you through the great ideas by which man has survived and progressed—to make them meaningful to you and your life. It will be of interest and perhaps of value to you to read this description of the GREAT BOOKS—because a well-rounded man—filled with knowledge and understanding of the great ideas—can never be a hollow man."



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